

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 998



JANUARY 12, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE



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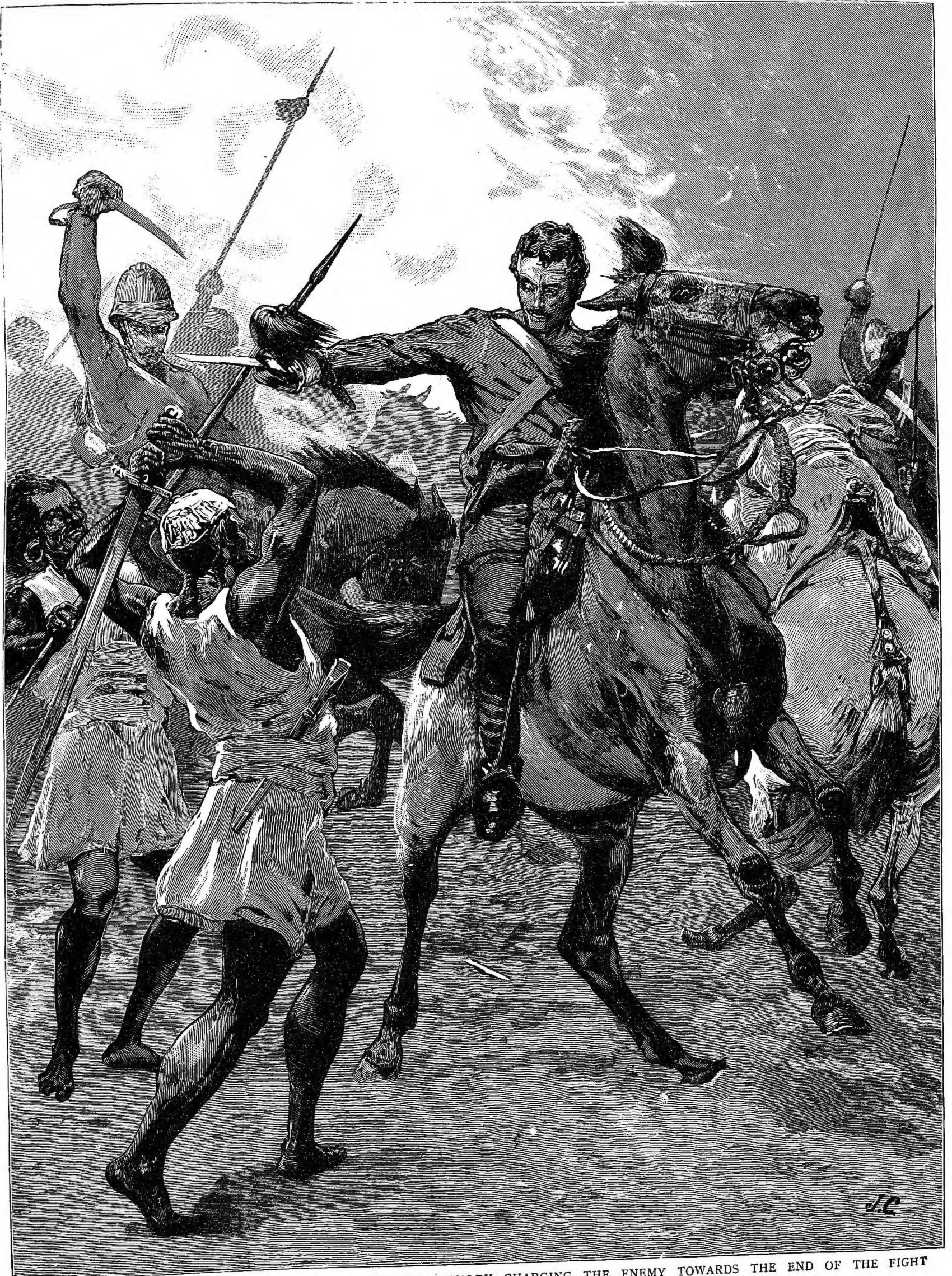
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
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THE BATTLE OF GEMAIZEH, SUAKIN, DEC. 20—BRITISH CAVALRY CHARGING THE ENEMY TOWARDS THE END OF THE FIGHT  
THE BROKEN SWORDS  
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



## Topics of the Week

**SIR ROBERT MORIER.**—All who feel that England and Germany ought to be good friends regret deeply the incident which has caused so much excitement during the last week or two. The responsibility for the misunderstandings to which it has given rise rests chiefly with Count Bismarck. It was natural enough that, when he first heard of the charge against Sir Robert Morier, he should attribute some importance to it. There can be no reasonable doubt that it was made by Marshal Bazaine, and an accusation of such a character, coming from such a source, could not but produce a painful impression. Before repeating the charge, however, and allowing it to appear in a semi-official newspaper, Count Bismarck was bound in honour to make strict inquiry as to its truth. This he failed to do; and he added to his offence by the extraordinary rudeness with which he afterwards replied to the letter addressed to him by the man whom he had injured. Englishmen never doubted that Sir Robert Morier would be able to prove his innocence. He was known to be a man of the highest character, and to his countrymen it seemed simply amazing that he should be accused of an act of abominable treachery. It might have been better, perhaps, if he had displayed rather less passion in writing to Count Bismarck, but in England he is not liked the less for having shown that he resented an outrageous attack on his honour. The majority of the Liberal journals of Germany have dealt with the matter in a spirit of conspicuous fairness, and it is right that this should be acknowledged. We wish the like could be said of the newspapers which are either directly or indirectly under the influence of the German Government. For some reason or other these "organs" seem lately to have received orders to do everything in their power to create and maintain a feeling of ill-will against this country. Happily, there is nothing to indicate that in this crusade they are likely to be successful.

**IRISH EVICTIONS.**—The Falcarragh evictions have attracted considerable attention from the violence displayed; but, while sympathising with the poor dupes who, at the bidding of a tyrannical organisation, find themselves ousted from their holdings in the depth of winter, and who also, in some cases, have been committed to prison for their acts of lawless violence, it is well to remember that, if these evictions are unjustifiable, then all attempts to enforce any legal agreement, either in Ireland or elsewhere, are equally unjustifiable. In fact, in Great Britain, and in Ireland also, in all transactions save those between occupiers and owners of land, the claimant demands, and usually obtains, the uttermost farthing, whereas in Ireland the evictions of recent years have only been undertaken after the refusal of concessions on the part of the landowners which, in any other country in the world, would be regarded as extraordinarily liberal. And in most cases, too, the tenants would willingly have accepted these concessions. But they were overawed by the sinister organisation of the Plan of Campaign. Surely the Government ought to take active measures to curb these mischievous terrorists, and not let the suffering fall solely on the constables, the soldiers, and the deluded tenants. In any Continental country such mischief-makers would meet with but scant mercy. Meanwhile, the Irish people, who are shrewd enough when they please, must be beginning to perceive that the rent which the Plan of Campaign through terrorism saves to certain occupiers, is a poor compensation for the injury caused in other directions. The people of Youghal declare that they are being ruined by the consequences of the Ponsonby estate evictions. The shopkeepers are forbidden to sell to the persons who work the evicted farms, and the produce of those farms is sent elsewhere. The agitators evidently act on the principle of the French Jacobin who wrote; "*Tout va bien ici, le pain manque.*" Distress begets discontent, and discontent just suits the advocates of disorder.

**TRADE IN EIGHTY-EIGHT.**—Were it not for the December return, last year would present a really fine record of British trade. The volume both of imports and exports increased almost without interruption, while every return indicated the probability of larger profits. Another satisfactory feature was that the balance between imports and exports was fairly maintained up to the end of November. Unhappily, last month brought in a most unwelcome change. While imports increased by 11 per cent., exports diminished by 8.3, a disparity so startling as to give quite a quake to old-fashioned people, who consider any disturbance of the balance of trade almost as fatal as the diversion of the Gulf Stream. The really unpleasant feature in this ominous record is not the difference between the two sides of the account, but the apparent dwindling of those very industries whose position is always the most critical. The exportation of cotton goods fell off by 12.4 per cent., that of iron and steel by 15.6 per cent., and that of woollen fabrics by 41.1 per cent. Explain them as one may, these figures have an ugly look, and, coupled with the fact that the last quarter's revenue returns showed some shrinkage, they should inspire caution in commercial circles. More particularly in Lanca-

shire; the return shows that although their customers have diminished their demands, mill-owners have been buying a largely increased quantity of raw cotton. We said something last week about the danger of over-production in this great industry. It appears from the Board of Trade's statistics that our words of warning were not without warrant.

**MR. CHAMBERLAIN.**—Every one who respects independence in public men must have read with pleasure the proceedings of the meeting at which honour was done to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain by the citizens of Birmingham, by the women of the City, and by Mr. Chamberlain's constituents. Since Mr. Gladstone went over to the Home Rulers, Mr. Chamberlain has been decidedly the best-abused man in England. The Radicals have displayed little bitterness in speaking of Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Bright; but Mr. Chamberlain they are never tired of denouncing, and some of them allow themselves to attack him in language that would arouse general indignation if it were not too contemptible to be noticed seriously. It is sometimes pretended that Mr. Chamberlain was playing a game of his own, hoping to gratify personal ambition, when he broke away from Mr. Gladstone. This accusation is not supported by the faintest shadow of evidence. Had Mr. Chamberlain continued to follow Mr. Gladstone, it would have been easy for him to secure a position which would have made his succession to the leadership of the Radical party inevitable. By throwing in his lot with the Liberal Unionists, he made as great a sacrifice as any that has been made for many a day by a prominent English statesman. As for the charge that he does not always refer to his old political friends in terms of perfect courtesy, it may at least be said that he is quite as polite to them as they are to him. Upon the whole, the virulence with which Mr. Chamberlain has been assailed must be regarded as rather complimentary than otherwise. Had he been a less able and influential statesman, he would not have been so violently condemned. It is not improbable that at some future time he will again be closely associated with the bulk of the Radical party. The Irish Question will not always "block the way," and when it has been disposed of, or has become less formidable, the Radicals may be only too glad to accept his guidance. In the mean time, it must be eminently satisfactory to Mr. Chamberlain that he retains the hearty goodwill of the inhabitants of the town which he has served so long and so well. They have had the best opportunities of knowing him thoroughly; and on Tuesday evening they gave him the pleasantest possible evidence of the sincerity of their respect and regard.

**MR. LLEWELLYN DAVIES AND THE SALVATION ARMY.**—At the great meeting held at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening General Booth spoke with considerable hopefulness concerning the progress of the remarkable organisation over which he presides. But he did not attempt to answer the special charge which has been brought against the Salvation Army by Mr. Davies. This task has been entrusted to Mr. Railton, nor can it be candidly asserted, by those who have followed the newspaper correspondence on this subject, that his explanations have been satisfactory. It has always been claimed by the leaders of the Salvation Army that it was their peculiar mission to reach classes who had shown themselves almost entirely insensible to the labours of other Christian communities, and that their efforts have been singularly successful. Mr. Llewellyn Davies denies that this success has been attained in the district (Lisson Grove) with which for years he had been intimately acquainted as a minister, and he challenged the Salvationists to bring forward examples of persons from the slums of that district who had been reformed by the agency of the Army missionaries. Mr. Railton accepted the challenge, but failed in his endeavours to produce any number of cases of decided success among the rough, outcast, and degraded persons who are to be found among the inhabitants of that region. Mr. Davies, therefore, draws the inference that the bulk of those who join the Salvation Army are persons of what is commonly called respectable lives, and who have hitherto been members, though possibly lax members, of other Christian denominations. It is quite likely that such persons have derived benefit from their adhesion to the Army, that they have become genuine instead of merely nominal Christians, but this admission does not meet the *gravamen* of Mr. Davies's allegation, which is that the Army fails to reach the outcasts whom it professes to reach. But surely no men who have the welfare of their fellow-creatures at heart ought to rejoice over this failure. When we think of the self-inflicted misery and degradation in which thousands of so-called civilised Englishmen live, we ought to welcome any organisation which would lift them out of the mire of vice in which they are wallowing, and no remedy has ever been found, or ever will be found, so potent as Christianity. But it is a melancholy fact that the degraded populations of our great cities are far less amenable to such influences than the fieriest savages of Africa or the South Seas.

**THE DEFENCE OF PORTS.**—Whether commercial ports are entitled to a larger share of State protection than is afforded to towns not on the coast is a nice question for

controversy. An abundance of strong argumentation can be set forth on both sides, but the real *crux* is the expense. When the deputation from the Northern ports laid it down as the duty of the State to render every harbour invulnerable, Lord Salisbury had some right to mention the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No one will question the desirability of rendering all our shipping resorts capable of beating off a hostile fleet. Were Lord Salisbury Aladdin and Lord George Hamilton the Genie of the Lamp, we feel assured that the latter would be directed to complete the "large order" in a single night. Unfortunately, we live in very prosaic times, and were any Government to present a little bill for a hundred millions or so, on account of coast defences, the next General Election would probably witness a change both of Ministry and of policy. Even apart from these sordid considerations, the case is by no means made out for the contention that ports are entitled to special means of protection outside the general scheme of national defence. They have a right to demand that the State should act as policeman on the British seas, for the purpose of driving away or "running in" disorderly characters. But they scarcely have a claim to demand specific defence outside those general lines. It would be pleasant for Liverpool, no doubt, to have a system of steel-clad forts, fully manned, and armed with the heaviest ordnance, at the mouth of the Mersey, with a torpedo fleet in the estuary. But it may be doubted whether the Liverpoolians would much relish an income tax of double or triple the present amount for a long course of years.

**PARIS AND GENERAL BOULANGER.**—All over Europe there is a feeling that great issues may depend on the forthcoming election in Paris. Hitherto only the provinces have had an opportunity of expressing what they think of General Boulanger. Will the capital, which has so often led France, decide in his favour? If it does, the Republic will almost certainly be doomed. If it does not, existing institutions will not, perhaps, be perfectly secure; but a considerable blow will have been struck at General Boulanger's influence. His followers, indeed, profess that his defeat on this occasion would lead to no important consequences. The opinion of Paris, however, still counts for much in French politics; and if it were decisively adverse to the new Pretender, he would probably lose many supporters in provincial towns and districts. That the Bonapartists of Paris will vote for him is already beyond doubt; and it is more than likely that he will secure also the adhesion of the Royalists. Neither the one party nor the other believes in him; but each hopes that if he is victorious it may find an opportunity of profiting by his triumph. The important question is whether he will be able to detach any considerable number of electors from the Republican party. To this question no one seems able to give a definite answer. His ultimate designs are perfectly well understood. All the world knows that he proposes, while retaining Republican forms, to make himself a practically absolute ruler. Under these circumstances it might be thought that he would not have a chance of obtaining a single Republican vote. But Paris, like France in general, is in a restless and discontented mood, and it would be rash to hazard more than a conjecture as to the manner in which this mood will reveal itself. Should it lead to the success of General Boulanger, the Republicans will not have even the consolation of thinking that the result is in no way due to them. General Boulanger is dangerous, not because of his own merits, but simply because the affairs of the nation have been grossly mismanaged by the factions which have been in power since the downfall of the Empire.

**THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE UNITED STATES.**—The Americans have never shown any friendliness towards the attempt to sever the Isthmus of Panama by European agency. If, however, the private company, organised under the auspices of M. de Lesseps, had been able to accomplish the task unaided, the Americans would probably have regarded the completion of the Canal with equanimity, hoping eventually to obtain a preponderating control over its destinies. But now the collapse of the original Panama Company has placed matters on a totally different footing. It seems unlikely that the enterprise can ever be brought to a successful issue without the aid, either direct or indirect, of the French Government; and, in view of the impending election in Paris, the rival chieftains, General Boulanger and M. Floquet, are both promising their aid to the shareholders. This altered aspect of affairs has put the Americans on the alert, and the Senate, after debating the subject in secret session, has passed a resolution denying the right of any foreign Governments to be connected with any scheme for cutting a Canal across the Isthmus. At the same time, the merits of the Nicaragua Canal scheme—the favourite American alternative proposal—are being seriously examined by the Senate. All these proceedings are, of course, in strict accordance with the famous Monroe doctrine, which, if it were propounded by a weak Power, would be scoffed at as preposterous; but, being maintained by an exceedingly strong Power, is treated by European Governments with deference and respect. Nevertheless, it does seem preposterous that a nation which, after all, only possesses the centre-slice of the North American Continent, should claim to exercise sovereign sway over territories



thousands of miles distant from its own frontier. We do not know what are the limits claimed under the Monroe ukase; no doubt, in the opinion of patriotic Americans, they extend from the North Pole to Cape Horn.

**LAMBETH'S PETITION.**—Last week a plutocrat of six millionaire horse-power gave a sumptuous entertainment at an estimated cost of 7,000*l.* or 8,000*l.* This week, the poor folk of Lambeth have had to supplicate the Prince of Wales to help them in raising a much smaller sum, to secure an open space for the little ones. That glorified ball came and went, leaving little behind it but a bitter sense of disappointment among those who tried to get invited, but failed. This outlay at Lambeth, on the contrary, would gladden a great locality for all time to come. Odd, then, it is that while an individual volunteered to write a cheque for the former, Dives has to be pressed and squeezed to dole out a trifle for the latter. Of course, people, whether rich or poor, have a perfect right to spend their money in any way they please, within the four corners of the law. The singular thing is that such a deal of begging has to be done, in the wealthiest city of the world, to raise a miserable 4,000*l.* That insignificant amount is all that is required to complete the purchase money for the Lawn and Carroun House, an area covering about eight acres in the very heart of crowded Lambeth. Never was there such a chance of making a grand reputation for public spirit and benevolence on such moderate terms. Is the article so cheap that no member of the Midas family cares to buy it even "at an alarming sacrifice?" It must be so, or the Lambeth workmen would not have had to invite the Heir-apparent to descend among them as *deus et machina*. Now that he has done so, the deficiency will, no doubt, be quickly made good. His co-operation should not have been needed.

**THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.**—Lord Rosebery's speech on Monday was by far the best that has been delivered in connection with the preparations for the election of the London County Council. His main point was that electors, in voting for candidates, ought not to take into account their position with regard to national politics; and he certainly in no way overrated the importance of this proposition. If Tories feel that they must vote for the Tories, and if Radicals are convinced that they must vote for Radicals, the result will be that we shall not obtain in the Council the men who are best fitted for the duties they will have to discharge. Some competent men, even in that case, will no doubt be chosen; but the majority will be mere party hacks, from whom it will be useless to expect anything like a wise or independent consideration of the great problems relating to the government of London. The task which the Council has to accomplish is one to which the very best class of citizens might be proud to devote their energies. It will affect the well-being of a population of about five million persons; and the good that may be done by a properly-elected Council is almost incalculable. It is simply impossible that the work can be well done unless men of high personal character are selected, for there will necessarily be opportunities for jobbery and corruption, and, as Lord Rosebery earnestly urged, any suspicion that such opportunities were being taken advantage of would be absolutely fatal to our new Municipal system. So far as the functions of the Council are concerned, no one has the faintest excuse for regarding the election as an incident of party politics. The Council is a purely administrative body, and will not have the slightest power to deal with legislative questions. We must hope, therefore, that the voters will take to heart the advice given to them by Lord Rosebery and by all the most trustworthy leaders of public opinion, and resolutely decline to support any one whose only claim is that he follows Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Hartington, or Lord Salisbury. Candidates putting forward such a claim should be told that it has nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand.

**DEMOCRATIC IMPULSES.**—Even as Madeira wine is improved by a few voyages to and from India, so is a certain order of British statesmanship. When Mr. Grant Duff went out to Madras, he was very crude wine indeed; plenty of body, but harsh to the average palate. Sir M. E. Grant Duff has returned mellowed and matured; even the most critical connoisseur can taste him with pleasure. His utterance at the Working Men's College had very little of the old omniscience in it. The ex-Governor of Madras delivered himself as a man who had gathered a few scraps of knowledge which he was willing to hand over to his audience if they so desired. One of these was the *dictum* that the special weakness of a Democracy is to let the heart run away with the head. Thus, numbers of working men will uphold a Palmerston or a Gladstone or a Churchill through thick and thin, not for what they may have said or done, but solely through impulse. It is impulse, too, which, in democratically governed countries, so frequently destroys continuity of policy. The many-headed rarely remain in one mood for any length of time. A hot fit of Jingoism will be succeeded by a cold fit of peace at any price; at one moment, the acquisition of Baratania seems the most desirable thing in the world, but at the next, the annexation is condemned as flagrant piracy. Sir M. E.

Grant Duff says, truly enough, that if people would only consent to be led by the wisest men, all would go well. That was also an aphorism of Carlyle's; it reminds us of another saying of his, ending with, "mostly fools." If the two be put together, the product will not be found over-hopeful for Democratic Government.

**BALDNESS.**—A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* attributes baldness to the wearing of tightly-fitting hair coverings, living within doors, and keeping the hair closely cropped. We are inclined to demur to the first of these alleged causes. The much-abused chimney-pot hat cannot be called closely-fitting, for it has a large space for air in its interior, and is almost invariably ventilated, while the part of the head which it touches closely is just the part where the hair does not fall off. As for the various descriptions of low-crowned hats, which are now so popular, they cannot be said to press very harshly on the head. A fisherman's cap is probably as good as a specimen of a tightly-fitting head-covering as can be selected, yet fishermen are noted for their immunity from baldness. There is much more to be said for the second cause, namely, living indoors. It is one of the results of our much-vaunted civilisation that a far larger portion of the community spend most of their time indoors than was the case in ruder days. When we add to indoors the effects of artificial lights, late hours, railway travelling, and the general scurry of existence, it is a wonder that there are not more bald heads than there are. Concerning the close-cropped head we decline to dogmatise. It is a cleanly custom, for it is to be feared that with a large number of people the axiom of General Browne, of Crimean celebrity, remains true, "Where there is hair, there is dirt." But, on the other hand, the convict-crop does not enhance the picturesqueness of the male animal. Portraits of men who flourished in the earlier years of Her Majesty's reign will show how effective, from an artistic point of view, was a well-arranged head of hair. If it can be proved that close-cropping conduces to baldness, perhaps the fashion of longer hair may be revived, and the curling-tongs may once more be brought into vogue for male subjects with lank locks.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT entitled "THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC," written by T. P. M. Betts, and illustrated by P. Renouard.

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**FOR ANNOUNCEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY**  
see page 40.

**LYCEUM.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—MACBETH—Every Evening at 7.45—Overture, 7.40—Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 11—LYCEUM.

**GLOBE THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.—To-night (Saturday) at Eight, and every Evening during Mr. Mansfield's absence—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—Miss Kate Vaughan as Miss Hardcastle, and Mr. Lionel Brough as Tony Lumpkin. Doors open 7.30 Box Office open 10 to 5. Shakespeare's tragedy RICHARD III. will be played at this theatre upon Mr. Mansfield's return.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, THE MAGIC DRAGON OF THE DEMON DELL, by J. Addison. Eds. Misses Millie Howes, Marie Lloyd, Myra Massey, Florida Eselle; Messrs. Pat Murphy, Will Oliver, Geo. Lupino, jun., W. Gardiner, A. V. H. Lupino, Higwood, Newbound, &c. Performances every Monday and Thursday, at 7 o'clock.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—LEECH FUND.**—Mr. SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that he will give a MORNING CONCERT on MONDAY, January 21, at 3, in aid of the FUND now being raised on behalf of the MISSES LEECH, Sisters of JOHN LEECH, the eminent Caricaturist. The following Artists have generously proffered their services—Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Florence Hoskins, Miss Alice Whitacre, Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Violin, Madame Neruda. The London Vocal Union (under the direction of Mr. Fred Walker). Conductor, Mr. Sidney Naylor. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; of usual Agents and Tree's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—LEECH FUND.**—MORNING CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, January 21st, at Three, in aid of the FUND now being raised on behalf of the MISSES LEECH, Sisters of JOHN LEECH, the eminent Caricaturist. The following Artists have generously proffered their services—Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Florence Hoskins, Miss Alice Whitacre, Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Violin, Madame Neruda. The London Vocal Union (under the direction of Mr. Fred Walker). Conductor, Mr. Sidney Naylor. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; of usual Agents and Tree's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

THIS AND EVERY AFTERNOON AT THREE.  
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
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NEW AND ENORMOUSLY SUCCESSFUL HOLIDAY  
PERFORMANCE.  
Pronounced by all the Leading Papers  
THE VERY BEST IN LONDON.  
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In their Novel and Scrambling Funny Pantomime.  
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MR. CHARLES JUTSON'S  
Highly trained Juvenile Jack Tars, and the Galaxy of Comedians all appear in the new programme. Every Afternoon at Three, and Every Night at Eight.  
Enthusiastic Reception of the Inimitable Comedian,  
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and pronounced success of his New Comic Song.  
Tickets and places can be secured at the Hall a month in advance. No fees of any kind. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 and at 7.30.

**THE KENNEL CLUB'S THIRTY-SECOND DOG SHOW**  
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OVER £2,500 IN PRIZES.  
431 Classes are provided, and 30 Judges will officiate. Entries close 15th January, 1889. Schedules now ready, for which apply to W. W. ASPINALL, Secretary, Kennel Club, 6, Cleveland Row, St. James's, London, S.W. Telegraphic Address—Staghound, London.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW.** By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES—1. JEPHTHAH'S RETURN, 2. ON THE MOUNTAINS, 3. THE MARTYR—are NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI ZEUXIS AT CROTONA, &c., at THE GALLERIES, 164, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1s.

**ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.**—Exhibition of Portraits, Miniatures, and Personal Relics connected with the Royal House of Stuart. Under the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. Open daily from 10 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s.—New Gallery, Regent Street.



### THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT GEMAIZEH

After the Black troops had driven the dervishes from the trenches before Suakin, the cavalry charged the fugitives—the Hussars being commanded by Major Irving—but the ground was very rough, and on reaching a hollow, or dip, which had not been noticed, the Squadron was evidently thrown into some confusion. Upon this, according to an interesting account given by a Hussar who took part in the charge, the enemy's horse charged our men like a horde of fanatics, both sides meeting at the bottom of the hollow, "many of them," he writes, "seemed to dismount when close up to us, and began to attack us with long formidable swords, which they held in both hands, and also with long spears. All those who were mounted carried about four or five short spears, which they kept in a quiver, placed in the same position as we carry our carbines. These they threw with practised aim before coming close to us. Our officers led the attack in splendid form. Captain Graham, who rode at the head of his men, literally spitted a horseman as one would a piece of bread on a toasting-fork, the astonished son of the desert being lifted off his horse. In the charge down the incline our horses stumbled again and again. One trooper, who was dismounted in this way, jumped up on my horse from behind, but he was instantly speared. . . . At the first onset no less than three sabres broke over the Arab spears. The sabre of one of our troopers broke three times with successive blows which he struck, and being thus disarmed, the poor fellow lost his life, for the men he was then cutting at speared him after he was unable to parry their thrusts. Another trooper, whose sabre broke, was cut down from the shoulder nearly to the waist. This snapping of swords made the men lose all confidence. The Sergeant-Major of our troop sheathed his sword and took to his revolver, but this speedily became clogged and missed fire, as did many of the revolvers used by the men." Eventually our men, falling back a little, dismounted and commenced firing, which eventually made the enemy retire.

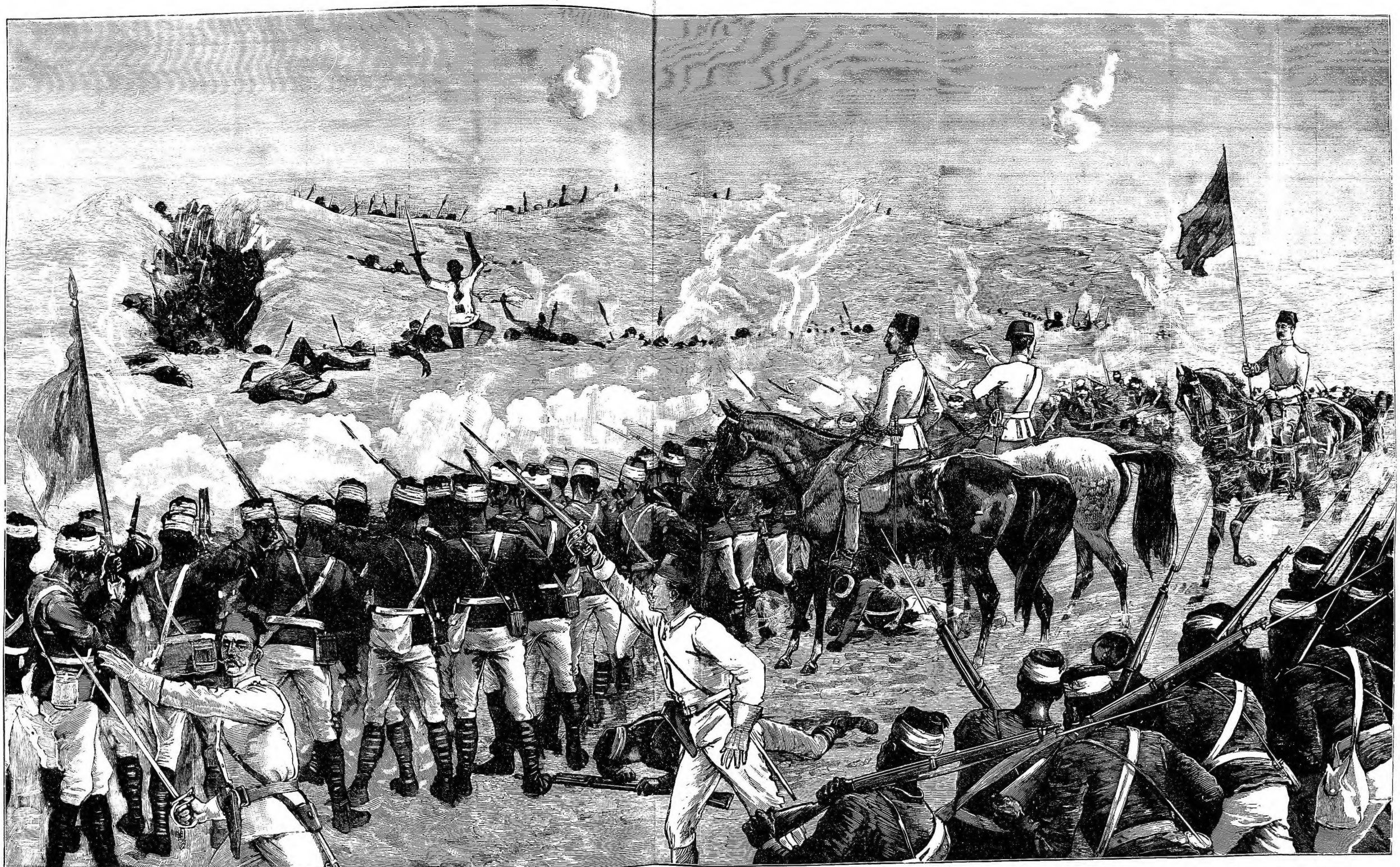
### LORD BROOKE, M.P.

THE polling for the Colchester Election took place on December 18th, when Lord Brooke, the Conservative candidate, was returned by a majority of 439 over his Gladstonian opponent, Sir W. B. Gurdon, a substantial increase on the majorities obtained by the Conservative candidate, the late Colonel Trotter, at the two previous elections of 1885 and 1886. Francis Richard Charles Greville, Lord Brooke, is the eldest son of the present Earl of Warwick and Brooke by his marriage with Lady Anna Charteris, eldest daughter of the eighth Earl of Wemyss. Lord Brooke was born in February, 1853, and was educated at Christchurch, Oxford. He is a magistrate for Essex and Somersetshire, a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Warwickshire, and holds a Captain's commission in the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry. From 1879 to 1885 he sat in Parliament for the Eastern Division of Somersetshire. In 1881 he married Miss Frances Evelyn Maynard, of Easton Hall, near Dunmow, Essex, granddaughter and heiress of the last Viscount Maynard.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Collier, 66, New Street, Birmingham.

### RICHARD REDGRAVE (RETIRED), R.A.

MR. RICHARD REDGRAVE, who died at his residence, Hyde Park Gate, Kensington, on December 14th, after a short illness, was born in 1804. During his early youth he was employed under his father, William Redgrave, who was working with Bramah, the inventor of the hydraulic press. Most of the youth's time was employed in designing and in the drawing of specification work, which he supplemented by sketching from Nature. When he entered the Royal Academy as a student at the age of twenty-one, he supported himself by giving instruction in landscape-drawing. In 1836 he exhibited his first well-known work, "Gulliver on the Farmer's Table," at the British Institution. Two years later a picture of his—the subject being taken from one of Crabbe's poems—was hung on the line at the Academy. The picture was immediately sold, and from this time his success was assured. In 1840 he was elected an Associate, and in 1857, when he produced his "Flight into Egypt," he was elected a Royal Academician. He continued to be a constant exhibitor up to the year 1880, since which time he painted but little. Even the younger generation can recall his more recent pictures, such as his "Heir Come of Age" and "Friday Street, Wotton," which were hung at the Academy in 1878. Mr. Redgrave was associated with Mr. H. (afterwards Sir Henry) Cole, in carrying out the scheme of the 1851 Exhibition; in forming the nucleus of the present Museum of Art at South Kensington; and in representing this country at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. In 1858 Mr. Redgrave was appointed by the Queen Surveyor of Crown Pictures, and for many years he was engaged in preparing a catalogue of all pictures belonging to the Crown. In 1866 he and his brother Samuel prepared a history of British Art from the time of Hogarth, under the title of "A Century of





OUR sketches of Sir Francis Grenfell's victory of the 20th ult. before Suakin are from military and naval officers who took part in the action, and represent the leading incidents of the day's fighting. On the previous evening the gunboat *Starling* and two other vessels were despatched to points on the coast between Suakin and Handoub so as to mislead the Arabs in the latter town by making them believe that an attack in force was intended upon the coast, and thus prevent them from taking part in the battle before Suakin. At Suakin

as early as half-past four H.M.S. *Racer* opened fire upon the enemy's trenches, and her example was followed by the other ships of war and the forts, so as to cover the attacking force. The troops were paraded before daylight, and at half-past five were marched outside Suakin, taking up position in the following array, the total strength, all arms included, being 3,000. The cavalry, Hussars, mounted Infantry, and Egyptians were on the right flank, and then came the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Black Battalions, who were given the post of honour,

the Egyptians being in the rear, and the British troops being held in reserve on the left flank of the Blacks. Of these last, the Scottish Borderers took up their position behind an embankment connecting the Shaata and Gemaizeh Forts, and which faced the enemy's trenches. To the left of Fort Gemaizeh, where stood General Grenfell and his staff during the action, were the Naval Brigade, with six machine-guns, and a Welsh regiment. The Black Battalions, by a flank movement to the right of Fort Shaata, succeeded

in getting somewhat to the rear of the trenches, where the Arabs, undismayed by the fire from the ships, forts, and British troops on the embankment, received their assailants with a withering fire. The Blacks, however, when they arrived within two hundred yards of the trenches, lay down and raked the whole line of Arabs, and then, with shouts and shrieks of excitement, and cheered on by their English and Egyptian officers, charged the enemy. The Dervishes leaped out of the trenches to meet them, and fought with

great bravery; but the Black troops were too much for them, and the Arabs wavered, and fled towards the bush, abandoning the two guns which they had brought down from Khartoum. Among the prisoners taken in the trenches was a little Arab girl of five, whose father and mother were killed during the engagement, and who herself was wounded in the arm. She was at once taken charge of by the doctors and her arm amputated, and by all accounts was doing well when the mail left.

THE BATTLE OF GEMAIZEH, SUAKIN, DEC. 20—THE BLACK TROOPS STORMING THE DERVISH ENTRENCHMENTS  
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



Painters." For many years he kept up his connection with South Kensington, where he formed a historical collection of water-colours for the Museum. In 1880 he resigned most of his appointments.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Boning and Small, 22, Baker Street, W., and St. Leonard's.

#### MAJOR-GENERAL GRENFELL

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS WALLACE GRENFELL, K.C.B., who commanded in the recent battle at Suakin, was born in 1841. He is the fourth son of Mr. Pascoe St. Leger Grenfell, J.P., of Maesteg, Glamorganshire, and entered the army in 1859. He served in the 60th Rifles until little more than two years ago, when he was promoted to an unattached Colonelcy. He was employed extensively on the Staff in South Africa, and prominently distinguished himself in the Transkei in 1877-8, being Aide-de-Camp to Sir Arthur Cunyngame, and afterwards Staff Officer to Colonel Glyn. He took part in the Kaffir War of 1878, and during the Zulu Campaign of the following year was present at the battles of Quintana Mountain and Ulundi, his services being rewarded by a Brevet Colonelcy. In the Boer War of 1881 he served as Assistant Quartermaster-General to Sir Evelyn Wood. He no less distinguished himself in Egypt, where he fought at Tel-el-Kebir, was engaged on the lines of communication in the Nile Expedition, and commanded a division of the Frontier Field Force at Ginniss in 1885, the following year becoming Sirdar of the Egyptian army with the British rank of Major-General. In 1887 he married Evelyn, second daughter of the late Major-General Robert Blucher Wood, C.B.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. and G. Taylor, Castle Street, Swansea.

#### ENTERTAINMENT AT THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.

THE Christmas entertainment at this Hospital to the patients and nurses was held on New Year's Eve. The Milne Ward was tastefully decorated with lanterns, and fairy lights, and a profusion of plants and evergreens. An ample supply of refreshments was provided for all present in the Hospital; and, to the great delight of the numerous poor children (past and present patients), there was an immense Christmas-tree loaded with dolls, toys, and other presents. These were distributed during the evening, affording intense joy to the children; nor were the nurses and adult patients forgotten. An entertainment of a miscellaneous character followed, consisting of vocal and instrumental music; the most interesting feature of which was scenes, in costume, from *Alice in Wonderland*, excellently performed by some of the lady medical students. The expense of this festival was entirely borne by members of the Committee and Staff, who specially contributed, so that the ordinary funds of the Hospital should not be drawn upon for the purpose.

It may be mentioned that this Hospital was founded in 1828 on the principle of free and unrestricted admission of the Sick Poor; poverty and suffering being the only passports required. Having no endowment, it is entirely dependent for support on the subscriptions of its Governors and the voluntary donations and bequests of its friends.

The Hospital admits into its wards about 2,000 poor sick persons annually, besides administering advice and medicine to more than 25,000 out-patients, who resort to it, not only from the crowded courts and alleys in its immediate neighbourhood, but from all parts of London and the suburban districts. The relief thus afforded is effected at a cost of about 11,500*l.* per annum, while the assured income of the charity from annual subscriptions and other sources does not exceed 1,500*l.*, so that the large balance of 10,000*l.* has to be raised by means of constant appeals to the public benevolence. Donations will be gratefully received by Mr. Conrad W. Thies, the Secretary.

#### THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

See pp. 41 *et seq.*

#### "THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Bownall, R.W.S., and E. C. Barclay, is continued on page 45.

#### "MACBETH" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

CRITICS may differ in opinion as to whether Mr. Henry Irving's sterling qualities as an emotional actor are not overshadowed by his defects as an elocutionist; they may declare that he misinterprets the character of Macbeth, and that the latter had not planned to murder his royal lord and master until tempted by the witches' prophecy; but there is one point on which they must all agree, and that is, that Mr. Irving is the very prince of stage-managers. Never before, as regards scenery and effects, has *Macbeth* been put on the stage so magnificently and so efficiently. Take, for example, the scenes in which the witches appear. Hitherto these preternatural personages have been usually played by men, and in a somewhat burlesque fashion. Now they are played by women; and they are always enveloped in an awe-inspiring gloom occasionally illuminated by lightning-flashes, or by the ruddy glow of the fire over which their hell-broth is brewing. The result is that even the *nil admirari* materialistic spectator of to-day is more inclined to shudder than to sneer. Or take the scenes immediately preceding and following the murder of Duncan. Here again a sense of reality is communicated to the audience. They feel as if they were witnessing an assassination of the present day. And the sentiment thus evoked is in a large measure independent of the acting, though the acting in this scene, both on the part of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, is remarkably fine. It is due in no small degree to the efforts of the scene-painter and the stage-manager. The hall with its stone staircase leading to a gallery pierced with arches seems so solid and natural, and then when Macduff has discovered the villainy which has been perpetrated, and the tenants of the various chambers come trooping, dazed and horror-stricken, down the staircase, we feel as if we were transported back some eight or nine hundred years, and were "assisting" at the original tragedy. The Banquet scene, admirable as it was in many respects, missed its effect on the opening night owing to the lowering of the lights at the successive appearances of Banquo's apparition. It is too much to ask the spectators to believe that the guests neither saw the Ghost nor noticed the sudden gloom. Charles Kean's method seems preferable. He hid Banquo in a pillar, which, when opened to reveal the vision, looked convex, although really concave. We understand that Mr. Irving has now adopted an improved arrangement of the scene. And now a word about Miss Terry. Why should Lady Macbeth necessarily be a woman of stalwart physique, and of a stern, masculine type? There is nothing in the text to warrant such an assumption. In fact, several passages rather intimate that she was a fascinating, caressing sort of creature—a far more effective temptress for such a man as Macbeth than a lady of the conventional Siddons type. Adopting this view, we think very highly of Miss Terry's impersonation; but no doubt she has improved much since the first night, when she was evidently (and no wonder) very nervous. In the sleep-walking scene she looked charming—some may say too charming for a woman on the brink of death—but she also, with her broken, impassioned utterances, conveyed a vivid sense of the mental horrors (and possibly remorse also) by which she was tortured. The last act of the tragedy (here called the sixth), although lacking in dramatic interest, is full of bustle and picturesqueness; and here again Mr. Irving's special excellences as a

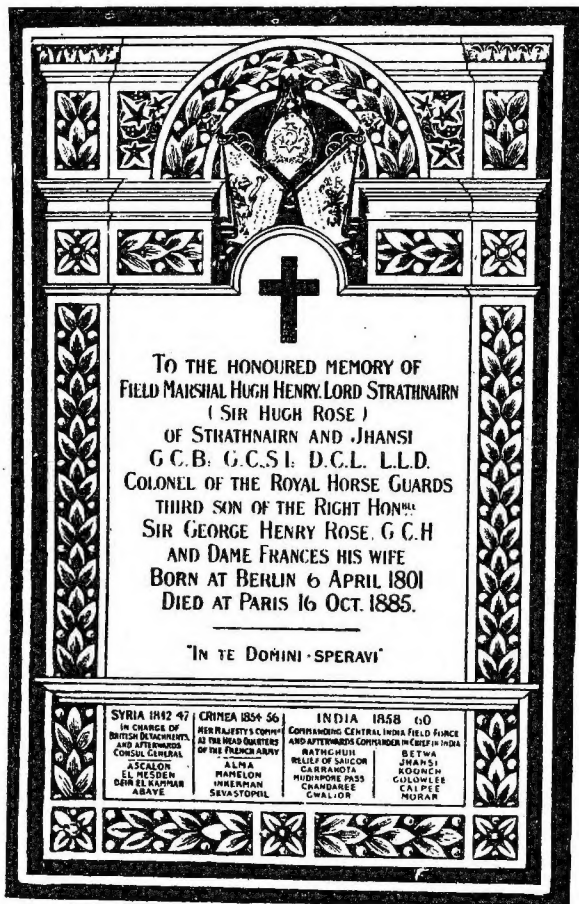
manager are strikingly represented. We cordially wish him and his company a long and prosperous run.

#### "SIR ROGER" ON THE ICE

THIS title does not imply that the good old knight immortalised by Addison in the *Spectator* is disporting himself on the ice after the fashion of his equally immortal successor, Mr. Pickwick; nor does it refer to a certain "unfortunate nobleman," who afterwards languished in Dartmoor prison, and would have needed ice of considerable thickness to bear his portentous personality. It simply depicts the well-known dance, "Sir Roger," which is here being essayed by skilled performers on the ice. We say advisedly skilled performers, for it is not a feat to be attempted by novices. The dancers must be handy—or rather "footy"—on their skates to accomplish with safety and grace the sudden turns and gyrations which are required. At an ordinary evening party, when "Sir Roger" has once begun, it is so popular that it would never end, were it not that the pianist becomes gradually exhausted, and collapses; but on ice it is cold work standing still between one's turns, and therefore the musicians will probably be dismissed after a reasonable quantum of blowing and scraping.

#### MEMORIAL TO THE LATE LORD STRATHNAIRN

A HANDSOME brass tablet has recently been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of the late Lord Strathnairn. The officers of his regiment and others having expressed a wish to see some such record of this gallant soldier in the Cathedral, a cordial permission was given by the Dean and Chapter to his relatives to erect this memorial in the Crypt. The tablet, which has been designed by Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., bears a simple inscription, surrounded by a bordering of laurel leaves, and headed by the helmet and bannerets of the Royal Horse Guards, of which regiment the late Field-Marshal was Colonel. In the course of a long career of sixty-five years, Lord Strathnairn (better known as Sir Hugh Rose) took a leading part in some of the most important events of recent times. For a review of his services we may refer our readers to an article by Sir Owen Burne in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January, 1886. We can only say here that in the Central India campaign, by which his name is best known to the public, he marched 1,084 miles, took upwards of 150 pieces of artillery, an entrenched camp, a fortified city, a partly-entrenched town, and about twenty forts without sustaining a check. These successes against the most warlike and



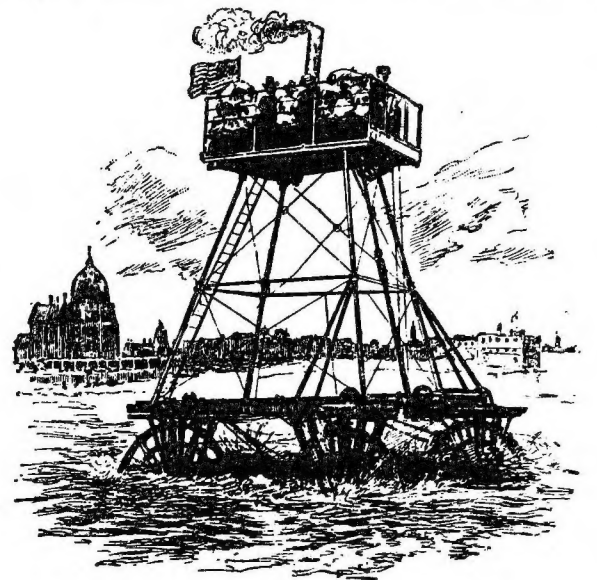
disciplined races in India included the memorable sieges of Jhansi and Gwalior. Lord Strathnairn's subsequent career as Commander-in-Chief in India and Commander of the Forces in Ireland (1860-70) was marked by equally important results of another character. A strict disciplinarian, he was at the same time a firm friend, and was greatly beloved in the army for his fearless disregard of danger, his recognition of merit, and his increasing efforts to improve the efficiency and comfort of the soldier.

Lord Strathnairn died suddenly at Paris on the 16th October, 1885, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. Handsome monuments of granite mark the spot where he and his brother, Sir William Rose, lie close together in the Priory Churchyard at Christchurch, Hants, with which town their family had long been connected.

#### AN OCEAN TRICYCLE

"THE SEA SPIDER" is the popular name given to this novel machine, which is now to be seen off the Jersey coast, U.S.A., near Atlantic City. It is the invention of the Rev. Ezra B. Lake, whose object has been to devise a machine which can be propelled over a flat sea bottom of not too great a depth. Our illustration will convey some idea of this "Ocean Tricycle or Sea Waggon." Upon a platform, which may be called the body of the vehicle, rise four standing beams of metal, which support the car. This latter rises twenty-five feet above the ground, will hold forty people, and the motor, which is a six-horse power steam-engine, is heated by oil fuel. There are three wheels under the lower platform, each having a separate motion, and capable of being reversed at will, so as to afford facilities for turning. The machine, which weighs seven and a half tons, is under the control of an engineer and pilot. When it was tried it was found that the indentation on the dry sand made by the wheels was not more than two inches in depth, but that in the water the rut made was much less. It is claimed for the machine that owing to the buoyancy of the water and the denser packing of the sand when moving through the sea, there is forty per cent. less resistance than on land. The main purpose of the machine is to save life at sea, for as wrecks frequently occur in shallow water, of not more than sixteen to eighteen feet deep, and in many cases scarcely a hundred yards from the shore, it is con-

sidered probable the Ocean Tricycle could safely reach such a wreck and take off the stranded mariners. Of course where there are any sudden depressions of the sea-bottom, or ledges of rocks, the machine would be of no avail. Given a sandy bottom, however, it is expected that though the force of the waves in their solid impact



is enormous, there would be little chance of the machine capsizing, as there is free passage for the water through the machine. When tried on Ocean Grove, New Jersey, trips were taken of fully three-quarters of a mile out to sea, the machine working readily in a depth of sixteen feet.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

ADMIRERS of the poetical work of the author of "The Light of Asia" will not be disappointed in Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume of Poems, "With Sa'di in the Garden; or, The Book of Love" (Trübner). Here we have the "Ishk," or third chapter of the Persian Poet Sa'di, embodied in a Dialogue held in the Garden of the Taj Mahal at Agra. The dialogue is in pentameter blank verse, and notable in it is its felicitous description of the fair tomb raised at Agra by Shah Jehan to his love:—

Not architecture! as all others are,  
But the proud passion of an Emperor's love,  
Wrought into living stone which gleams and soars  
With body of beauty, shining soul, and thought.

Some of the songs of the Persian dancing girls—"types from the life," the poet tells us—are musical and pretty. Here is one verse from Gulbadan's song, in the Garden of the Taj:—

The Lover said: "When I may kiss her feet  
I am so happy that all life grows sweet."  
The Sultan mused: the Bulbul sang between  
"Rose of blown happiness! Shrin! Shrin!"

"Shrin," we may observe, is Persian for "sweet." In this volume Sir Edwin Arnold reminds us of Bodanstedt, who so wonderfully reproduced for his countrymen the more sentimental emotions of the country of Hafiz.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt spent his term of Irish incarceration more profitably than some of his friends spent theirs. He was cheered possibly by the reflection that

Stone walls do not a prison make,

and so, with heart "innocent and quiet," he set himself, while in Galway and Kilmainham Gaols, to write "In Vinculis" (Kegan Paul) on the fly-leaves of his Prayer Book. The poems are fresh, and breathe the actual situation, and Mr. Blunt seems to have drawn some moral lessons from his confinement, and the refrain, as befitted the home of his manuscript, is devotional. One scarcely sympathises with much of the reflection on deserved punishment, still there is a pathos in these lines, prompted by the blank walls of the exercise-yard shutting out the world:—

Yet is there consolation. Overhead  
The pigeons build and the loud jackdaws talk,  
And once in the wind's eye, like a ship moored,  
A sea-gull flew, and I was comforted.

On the whole, the poet has done fairly well with his theme, which is, unfortunately, one characterised by confusion of thought, and a total ignoring of all that is meant in the two words "law" and "order."

We welcome again new issues of Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (Blackwood) and "Selected Poems and Songs of Charles Mackay" (Whittaker).—It was a happy thought of Mrs. William Sharp to collect so many well-said things by singers, past and present, about the ocean in "Songs and Poems of the Sea" (sea music) (Walter Scott). Nothing has roused the poet's fire more than the deep, and almost everything notable is here, from Byron's famous "Roll On" to Philip Bourke Marston's

O white and windy deep,  
How many millions sleep  
'Neath thy valley and thy steep;  
O bright, careering sea!  
O white, warm, bubbling spray,  
Blown hissing all one way—  
A loud resounding bay!  
O torn and stricken lea!

THE GENEALOGY OF THE CHINESE IMPERIAL FAMILY is made up every ten years, and has just been brought up to date with much solemnity in readiness for the Emperor's approaching marriage. Since at least B.C. 100, registers have been kept of the Chinese Royal and Noble Families, and the present Imperial genealogy shows that the reigning Sovereign is descended from the Monarchs who ruled in Moukden over the Manchurian Province before the Dynasty was established at Peking in 1644. The Imperial Register is honoured as much as the Emperor himself, and is carried through the streets of Peking with the utmost reverence to its resting place at Moukden. Shops, windows, and doors are shut, as in an Imperial progress, no one dare appear in the streets, which are sprinkled with yellow earth, and perfect silence prevails. The great record is compiled from two books—the yellow volume devoted to the Emperor's immediate family, or descendants from the original founder of the present dynasty, the Tsung-shih, who wear yellow girdles, and the red volume for more distant relations—the *giro*, wearing red girdles, who spring from the original Emperor's brother. Every year each relative is bound to send in to these volumes a list of the births, marriages, and deaths in his family during the year, and at the end of ten years these records are transferred to the great roll, and presented solemnly to the Emperor. The Sovereign himself gives the names to his brothers and cousins, and if any individual commits a crime his name is expunged from the register. The present Emperor's name, "Tsai," is forbidden to be written by his subjects.





**POLITICAL.**—Addressing the members of a Conservative Club at Leeds, Mr. W. L. Jackson, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury, intimated the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to surrender in his next Budget a further portion of the Exchequer duty, representing nearly a million sterling, in addition to the enormous relief already received by the local taxpayer. Speaking at a Conservative meeting at Ayr, Sir J. Fergusson, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, denied that British and missionary interests on the West Coast of Africa were being sacrificed to political expediency. The Government would insist, he said, that the water-way should not be closed to supplies necessary for the independent defence and the trading facilities of British subjects in that region. The Primrose League has established a branch in Hawarden itself, at a meeting of which the Postmaster-General spoke on Tuesday, and animadverted on the refusal of the Rector, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, to allow the meeting to be held in the Hawarden National Schools. In the course of a characteristic speech at Bristol, Mr. Labouchere, M.P., declared that when his party did get into power they would make uncommonly short work of what the Conservatives were pleased to call "the great and glorious institutions of this country." At Gloucester, on Tuesday, he spoke, in his graceful way, of the Liberal Unionists as "mere humbugs, one and all—a tin pot tied to the tail of the Conservative dog." On Wednesday Lord Kimberley, at Wymondham, repeated, without much novelty, the usual Gladstonian argument for Home Rule. The nomination of candidates for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire is fixed for Monday next, the 14th inst., and the polling for the following Friday. Both candidates, Sir John Pender (L. U.) and Mr. John Wilson (G.), are busy addressing meetings of the electors, and the contest is becoming keen. At the last General Election, since which there has been an addition of 242 to the constituency, now containing 9,249 voters, the late Sir W. Pearce (C.) defeated Mr. T. A. Dickson (G.) by a majority of 362, the numbers being 3,574 to 3,212.

**THE COUNTY COUNCILS.**—The nominations throughout the country closed on Wednesday. In only one division of London, St. George's, Hanover Square, is there to be no contest, and Colonel Vincent, M.P., with Mr. R. C. Crawford Antrobus, was returned unopposed. The candidates nominated in London include three Peers, seven M.P.'s, twenty-two members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and five ladies. On Wednesday, as previously on Monday, Lord Rosebery, who is a candidate for the City Division, addressed the electors, on both occasions protesting strongly against the introduction of party politics into the elections.

**MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN** were welcomed home on Tuesday at a social gathering in Birmingham Town Hall, which included representatives of all classes and parties in the Midlands; and at which congratulatory addresses were presented to both, and gifts of jewellery to Mrs. Chamberlain. In the course of a genial speech of thanks, Mr. Chamberlain, referring to his American mission, declared himself convinced of the firm determination of the democracies of both countries to have the present differences amicably arranged by their respective Governments. On Wednesday, returning thanks at a local banquet for the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain defended it from the charge of inefficiency. For the improvement of its procedure he recommended a further devolution of its business to grand committees, and an increase of the insufficient penalties now imposed on members guilty of obstruction, and of the use of unparliamentary language.

**MR. BRIGHT**, since our last issue, has been steadily progressing towards convalescence. The serious illness of the Duke of Rutland has taken an unfavourable turn.

**THE IRISH EXECUTIVE** are persevering in their efforts to make the Irish Nationalist M.P.'s respect the law. Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., has been served with summonses, one of which requires him to appear on the 29th inst. at Killarney, to answer to the charge of having on the 20th ult., in Kerry, made a speech, advising the non-payment of rent.—Mr. Cox, M.P., one of the most strenuous promoters of the Plan of Campaign, has been summoned to appear at Strokestown on the 31st inst. on a similar charge.—Mr. Finucane, M.P., having been convicted of conspiring to prevent persons from taking evicted farms, has been sentenced to only a month's imprisonment, because he is under another sentence for a longer term, for a similar offence, against which he appealed. From the sentence for the shorter term no appeal is allowable, and he is now in Limerick Gaol.

**THE LORD MAYOR** has had another conference with the commanding-officers of the Volunteer force in the metropolis. From the returns received from the various regiments, they came to the conclusion that there was a serious want of the necessary articles of equipment, and they invited the Lord Mayor, who promised to consider the proposal carefully, to appeal to the public for funds to make that equipment adequate.

**A COMMITTEE IS BEING FORMED** in Holborn to do honour to the memory of its late respected member, Colonel Duncan, by raising a fund to support the Duncan Memorial School of Ambulance at Woolwich, and to purchase, and erect in a suitable place in the Division, an excellent bust of him completed shortly before his death.—At a private meeting, presided over by Lord Spencer, it was decided to form a committee to raise funds for a memorial to the late Mr. Frank Holl. The feeling of the meeting was in favour of the erection of a tablet, with a medallion portrait of the distinguished artist, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to be accompanied by the purchase of one or more of his portraits of public men for presentation to the National Portrait Gallery.—Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Algernon Swinburne, Mr. J. Russell Lowell, and Mr. Henry Irving have joined the Marlowe Memorial Committee.

**OUR OBITUARY** includes the death, in his fifty-seventh year, of Major the Hon. Charles Keith-Falconer, uncle of the Earl of Kintore, who served in the Crimea as Aide-de-Camp to the late Sir Richard England, and was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield in 1874 a Commissioner of Inland Revenue; in his sixty-eighth year, of Admiral the Hon. Thomas A. Pakenham, son of the second Earl of Longford; in his seventieth year, of the Rev. Prebendary Crosse, Rural Dean of Hastings, Canon of Chichester, for thirty-one years Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Hastings, who began life as a barrister, and was the author of "Lectures on Hebrew Law"; in his forty-first year, of Mr. Ernest Temperley, Bursar and assistant-tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge, who had filled various University offices, among them that of Proctor, and was very popular as a tutor; of Mr. Frank T. Gregory, some time Surveyor-General of Western Australia, and subsequently a member of the Legislative Council of Queensland, one of the pioneer-explorers of Australia, who in 1863 received for his discoveries in that Continent the medal of the Royal Geographical Society; in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. John Fletcher Davies, Professor of Latin in Queen's College, Galway, an eminent classical scholar, well known through his editions of three of the plays of Æschylus; in his eighty-fifth year, of Mrs. Swanborough, who for many years managed the Strand Theatre; and, in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips, originally

Halliwell, a distinguished Shakespearian scholar, whose publications, original and other, fill sixty volumes, foremost among them being his sumptuous edition of the works of Shakespeare, with a revised biography, published by subscription in sixteen folio volumes 1853-65, and his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," fifth edition, 1885, to whom chiefly are due the purchase of the poet's estate of New Place for the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, and the formation of the Shakespeare Museum in that town.



**LITTLE** doing in the sporting world, and that little interfered with by fog and frost, is the record of the week. The Newmarket and Rufford Coursing Meetings had both to be abandoned last week, and training operations have been greatly impeded. On Tuesday, however, came the thaw, so that next week we may have more to chronicle.

The Grand National Hunt Committee disposed at their last meeting of three outstanding objections. Et Cætera was disqualified for the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase on account of a venial error on the part of Count Esterhazy's trainer, and the race awarded to Johnny Longtail. Lord Bacon was disqualified for the Halsham Hunters' Steeplechase Plate at the East Riding (Hull) Meeting for carrying wrong weight, and the race awarded to King John; but the objection against Lord George in the First Qualifying Hunters' Steeplechase at Manchester on the ground of insufficient description was dismissed.

**FOOTBALL.**—By their victory over Notts County on Saturday the Preston North End team made themselves certain of the League Championship. Of their nineteen matches they have won sixteen, and drawn the other three—a most remarkable record. Aston Villa, though they succumbed to Burnley on Saturday, should be second, and Wolverhampton Wanderers, who beat West Bromwich Albion on Saturday, third. Neither of the Southern Clubs can be congratulated upon the result of its Northern tour. The Corinthians succumbed to Celtic, beat St. Bernard's, drew Sunderland, and were defeated after a good game by Preston North End. Of their eight matches they won three, drew one, and lost four, kicking twenty goals to twenty. The Casuals did even worse, and finished up with a narrow defeat by Notts County and a heavy one by Derby County. They won three and lost six of their nine matches, and kicked sixteen goals to twenty-eight. The New Zealanders continue to do very well. Since we last wrote they have gained victories over Leeds Parish Church, Kirkstall, Brighouse Rangers, and Huddersfield; but they will have their work cut out for them on Saturday next (the 15th), when they meet the very strong team which the Yorkshire Executive have chosen to represent the county and revenge its former defeat by the Colonists.

**SKATING.**—Wonderful to relate, the frost lasted just long enough to enable the National Skating Association to bring off three important races. The Professional Championship, competed for on Friday, fell to James Smart, who did the mile and a-half in 4 min. 56 4-5 secs. George and Isaac See and Jarman Smart, all of Welney, gained the other three prizes. On Saturday George ("Fish") Smart, the ex-Champion, who had been unable to compete the day before, tried conclusions with his brother, but was easily defeated. Mr. W. Loveday (Welney again!) won the Amateur Championship on Monday, beating Mr. Wallis, the late Champion, in the final round, but the winner's time was some 20 secs. slower than that of the professional. Mr. Joseph Donoghue, the Canadian champion, competed at the International Meeting at Amsterdam, on Tuesday, but fell in his heat, and the race was won by M. Panschin, of St. Petersburg. The latter scored again next day in the Mile race, Donoghue being a good second.

**BILLIARDS.**—Peall made a break of 2,033 (second best on record), another of 1,220, and a third of 912 on Friday, last week, but could never catch White, who played with great coolness throughout, and eventually won by nearly 1,000. Besides his break of 1,561, mentioned last week, the winner made another of 1,021. He has thus won all the three matches which he made at the beginning of the season. He is now in treaty with North regarding two more—one of 12,000 up, all in, even; and the other 10,000 up, spot-barred, North conceding 2,000. This week, Roberts is endeavouring to concede 4,500 out of 12,000 to McNeill, but, as the young Scotchman is playing a very fine game (he made two breaks of over 200 on the first day of play), the Champion, who does not seem accustomed to the table as yet, will have no easy task.

**CRICKET.**—In spite of some good batting on the part of M. Read (5 and 54), Wood (58 and 3, not out), and Briggs (27 and 15), the English Cricketers at the Cape have suffered another defeat, this time at the hands of the Eastern District Twenty-Two. With the Twenty-Two of the South-Western District they seemed likely to fare better, as in the first innings they got the locals out for 53.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Norvell, the Tynesider, beat Bubear in a half-mile burst for 20s. a side on Saturday, but no confidence can be placed in the result.—Cannon, who has been credited with some marvellous times of late, tried on Saturday to cut the five and six mile records made by Jack White, the Gateshead clipper a quarter of a century ago. He failed by 27 secs., but, considering the wind, and the state of the track, did well in running the full distance in 30 min. 17 sec.

**THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN** is very particular about his boots, wearing most elaborately ornamented foot-gear. For hard wear he uses Russian leather ankle-boots; but on ceremonial occasions they are made of fine buckskin lined with blue, red, or green leather, and embroidered in fancy device with coloured silks. His shoes are no less gorgeous, and the riding-belts are decorated to match.

**MR. J. A. FROUDE'S WRITINGS ON THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES** after his late visit have led to a new word being coined, "Froudacity," which has become immensely popular in colonial conversation. The term has even got into Parliament, for a Member of the Melbourne Assembly, when commenting on some preceding remarks, observed that "he had never heard such 'Froudacious' statements before."

**THE EFFORTS TO ACCLIMATISE THE AMERICAN WHITE-FISH IN BRITISH WATERS** attract much interest in the United States. Accordingly the American Government will shortly send a large consignment of white-fish ova to the Midland Counties Fish-Culture Establishment at Malvern Wells, where every preparation has been made to rear the fish in as near semblance to their native surroundings as possible.

**THE TRAINED MILITARY PATROL DOGS** in Germany are having their value tested in every possible way. They distinctly beat practised cyclists in some recent races got up by a Berlin sporting club. A fine pointer ran two kilometres in 1 min. 45 sec., being closely followed by a succession of setters and mastiffs. The leading bicyclists completed the distance in four minutes, only a few lengths ahead of a poodle, while two tricyclists came in last, having taken five and six minutes for the race.



**MR. RUSKIN** is again in delicate health. He is still able, however, to go down to his study every day.

**FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN PARIS** are not very prompt in complying with the new regulation requiring them to declare themselves to the police authorities. As yet, only 88,993, out of 180,253 foreigners have obeyed orders.

**THE REMAINS OF SOME OLD ROMANS** have been found in a chalk-pit at Folkestone. Remnants of weapons, armour, and trinkets were lying close by the skeletons, and it is supposed that a battle was once fought on the spot.

**JEAN LUIE**, the notorious witness in the Tichborne Trial, has again got into trouble in Australia. He has just been sentenced at Sydney to five years' further servitude for conspiring in a bogus action of breach of promise of marriage.

**THE FAMOUS CASTLE OF CHENONCEAUX** IN TOURAINE has been brought to the hammer, and bought in by the Crédit Foncier for 8,040s. As the Foncier held mortgages on the estate up to over 40,000s., the Castle will again be put up to auction in February, to obtain a better price.

**THE MORMONS SEEM TO BE SETTLING DOWN** comfortably in the North-West of Canada. They were only allowed to take up land on condition that they relinquished polygamy, but they manage to evade the law, by calling the women they first married "wife," while the rest of their spouses are styled "aunties." The Canadian journals are very wroth on the subject.

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION'S RECENT VISIT TO BATH** may probably be commemorated by an Art Gallery in that city. The Finance Committee have in hand a surplus of 950s., and as Bath has long wanted a Picture Gallery they think the money would be best spent in providing such a memorial of the meeting. Speaking of Art in the provinces, the Liverpool Arts Committee and the Council are at variance respecting the purchase of Sir F. Leighton's "Captive Andromache," which the latter refuses to ratify. Accordingly the Committee decided not to organise an Art Exhibition this year.

**PARISIAN CARMEN** are now obliged to undergo a searching *viva voce* examination before taking up their business. A jury of experts sits daily at the Prefecture of Police to cross-examine all the Jehus of the capital, and they are far too rigid to let any one slip past who is not thoroughly up to his work. Searching questions respecting the various routes throughout Paris and the scale of fares are put to each cabby, who must then harness and unharness his horse and drive his cab round the yard before receiving his license. Many men have been rejected because they knew so little of the city about which they professed to be able to drive.

**THE AMERICANS** are counting up their great poets, and questioning whether any Transatlantic bards are worthy to rank with the masters of English Verse. Mr. Edmund Gosse first started the argument, and gave a list of thirteen English poets, from Chaucer to Keats, whom he thinks unparalleled by writers of the New World, so the New York *Critic* has taken up the cudgels, and has canvassed the chief literary celebrities for their opinions. Most of the American writers are more honest than patriotic, and candidly avow the national inferiority, although they consider that Longfellow, Emerson, and Bryant run the English poets very close.

**A DEVOTED AND ECCENTRIC WIDOW** lives in Wilmington, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Every morning she drives to the elaborate tomb of her deceased husband, taps gently at the door, and says "May I come in?" Silence giving consent, she unlocks the door of the mausoleum, and enters, remarking, "Good morning, my dear, how have you passed the night?" Then she inspects the coffin, puts fresh flowers instead of the preceding day's bouquet, and goes off to Boston to carry on her husband's business—a Medical Institute. She also pays a watchman 1s. daily to enter the tomb every morning at six, saying "Good morning, Dr. Hiller," while in the evening at six he must carefully inspect the grave, and remark, "Good night, Dr. Hiller, we hope you rest well." Mrs. Hiller keeps her own coffin in a shed adjoining the house, and often lies down in it to see whether it will fit properly, getting herself up for the occasion in a gorgeous burial robe of white satin.

**THE GENUINE RED MAN** in the United States will soon only be a tradition. Take for example the Sioux in Dakota. Formerly a most blood-thirsty race, who clung to their ancient customs and scalped every white within reach, these Indians are settling down into the routine of homely domestic life, and openly acknowledge that the old style of government is passing away. Their renowned chief, Sitting Bull, has a profitable farm, and may be seen any day milking cows or clearing the chickens out of the corn. All the tribe have abandoned their tents, and live in common-place log-houses. They cultivate the land, send their children to school, and in time will be as ardent politicians as their white brothers. Even women's rights are creeping in, for the squaws no longer do all the hard work while the bucks look on and smoke at their ease. And those important functionaries, the medicine men, are losing power, having failed egregiously to perform certain miracles of which they boasted, and which they were challenged to carry out openly. Their former followers were the first to turn upon them when the failure was proved.

**THE PARIS SALON** will have a very brief career this year. Instead of remaining open till the end of June as usual, the Salon will scarcely run over six weeks, for the Government want the Palais de l'Industrie by June 15th at latest, for the Centennial Fêtes. French artists are in despair, as they had hoped for a most profitable season, owing to the influx of visitors for the Exhibition. But the Government authorities are absorbed in the Exhibition itself, and care little for other Art matters at present. The Juries of the Decennial Collection—from 1878 to 1888—are now sitting, and those of the other Fine Art Sections will shortly assemble. The catalogue is already begun, and experts are also preparing a sumptuously illustrated work, "French Art from 1789 to 1889." The Fine Art buildings are larger than in 1878, yet there is not nearly room enough, so that many collections have to be housed in other galleries. The Exhibition of Educational Drawing, for instance, must go into the Palace of the Liberal Arts near the Theatrical Exhibition. A Victor Hugo Collection is also projected, including the manuscripts, relics, &c., of the dead writer. Meanwhile, the Exhibition buildings progress rapidly, and many are being fitted up. Nearly 900 police are wanted to guard the Exhibition in the daytime during its opening. As a last Exhibition item, we may mention that the Roumanian Government has organised a lottery to pay the expenses of the national section at the Paris show. A hundred of the prizes consist of free passes from Bucharest to Paris and back and two stalls in two of the Paris theatres. Paris is busy getting ready for her guests. The Place du Carrousel, which has long been a mass of sheds, debris, and general untidiness, is being cleaned up, and its Triumphal Arch will be restored, the Boulevards are to display the electric light from the Madeleine to the Boulevard Sebastopol, and the Louvre is organising a new Mediæval Museum, to be opened on May 1st.



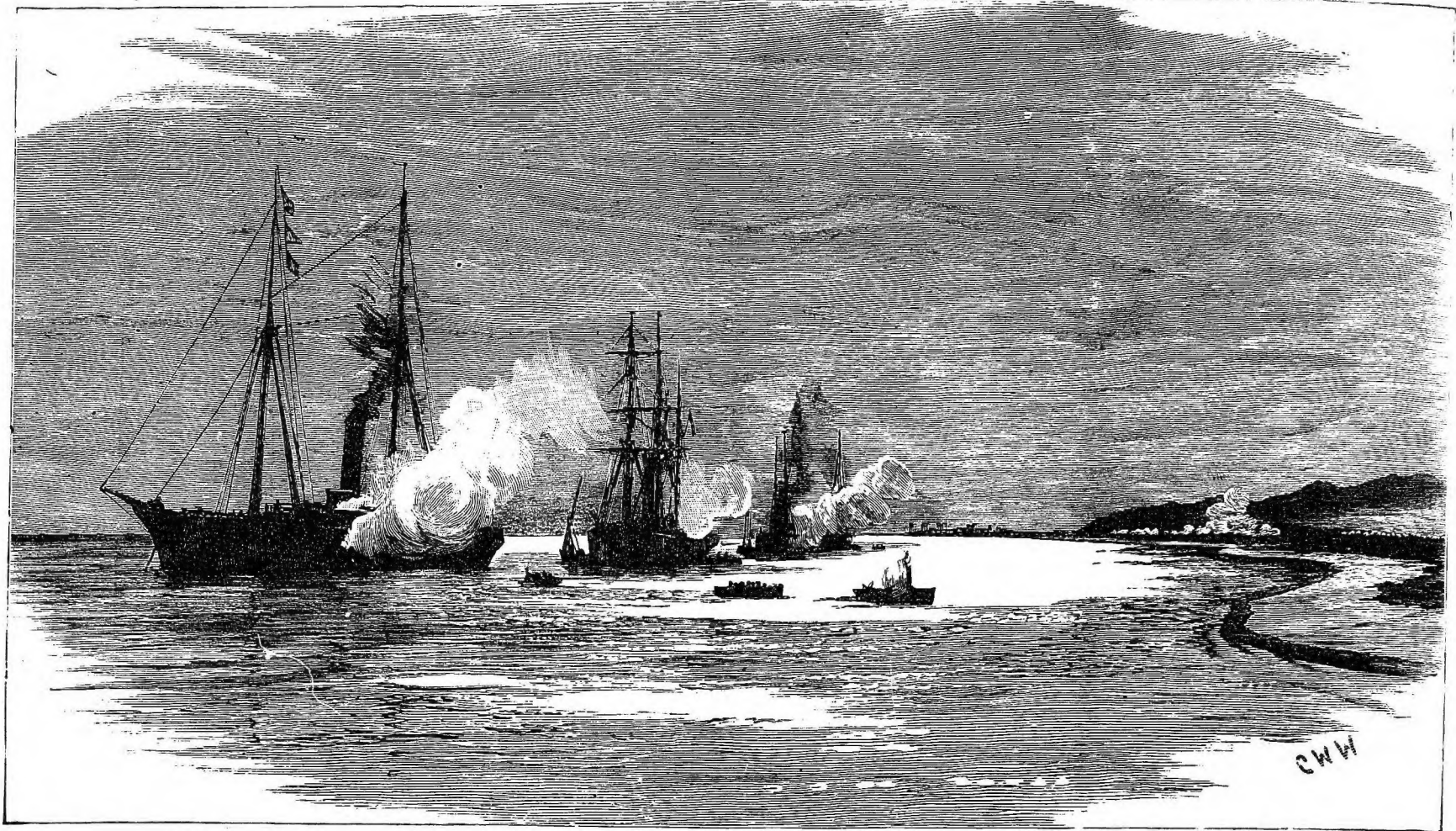
*Neor-el-Bahr*

*H.M. Gunboat Starling*

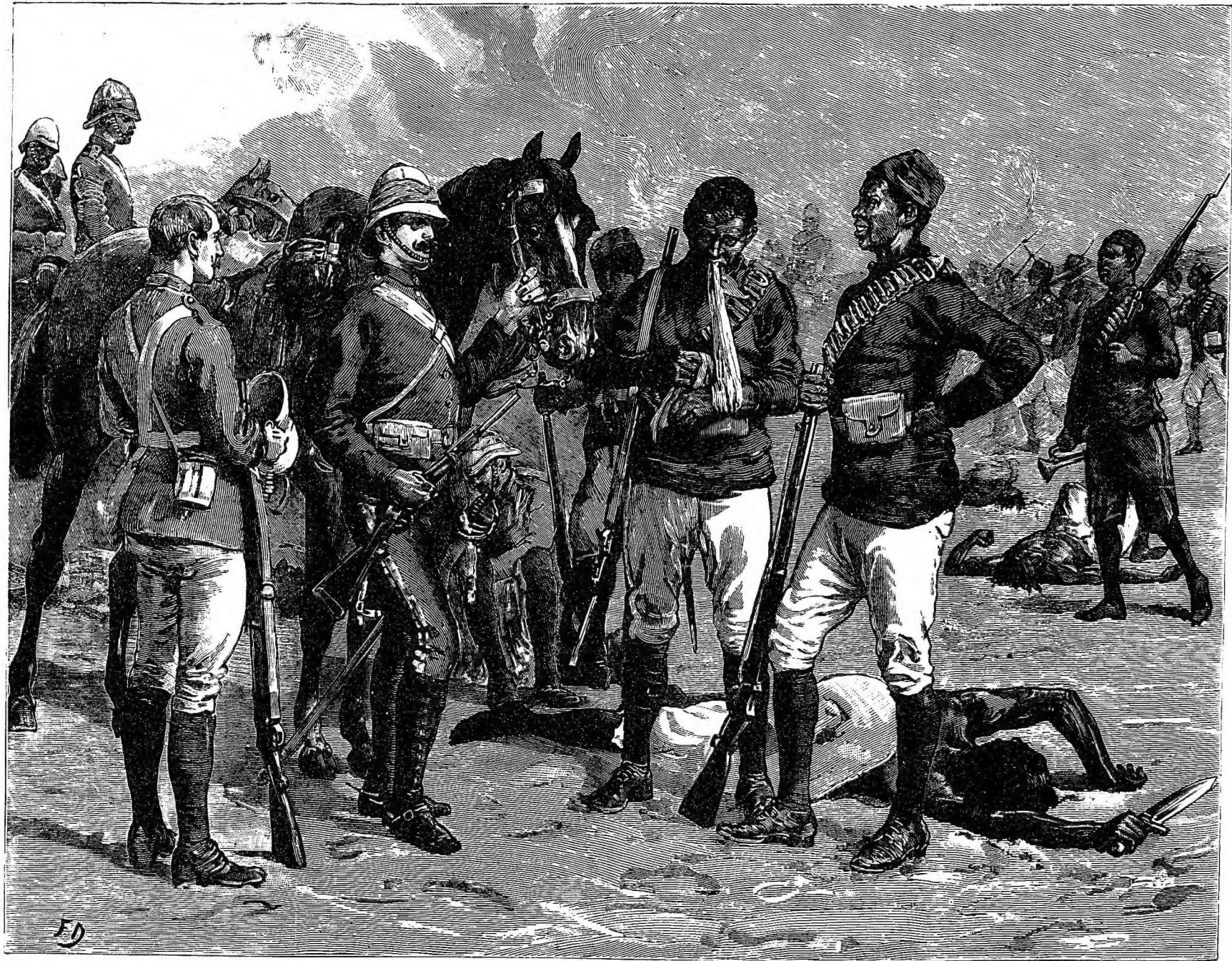
*Damanhoor Heteidah*

*Suakin*

*The Battle*



BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN SHIPS OFF HANDOUB MAKING A DEMONSTRATION TO HOLD THE ENEMY'S RESERVES IN CHECK DURING THE ACTION



COMPANIONS IN ARMS—BRITISH AND BLACK TROOPS FRATERNISING AFTER THE BATTLE

THE BATTLE OF GEMAIZEH, SUAKIN, DECEMBER 20  
FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS





LORD BROOKE  
The new Conservative M.P. for Colchester



MR. RICHARD REDGRAVE, C.B., R.A.  
Born 1804. Died December 14, 1888



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS W. GRENFELL, K.C.B.  
Commanding the British Forces during the Recent Operations at Suakin



1. The Rabbeth Memorial Cot : The Pets of the Milne Ward—Baby, Dove, and Cockatoo  
2. Mr. C. W. Thies, Secretary

3. Father Christmas Distributing Toys from the Christmas Tree  
4. Alice in Wonderland : Alice Reciting "Old Father William" to the Mock Turtle and Griffon

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD





THE New Year's holidays are over in political circles, and the various European Parliaments are again setting to work. In GERMANY, the Reichstag re-assembled on Wednesday, for a session which is expected to be fraught with much importance to the German Colonial future. The East African Bill has been drafted, and Prince Bismarck will shortly make a speech announcing the definitive plans of the Government, about which so much speculation has been aroused. Turning to Eastern Africa itself, there is little news from the blockaded region save that much sickness prevails in the German squadron, and that one vessel, the *Schwabe*, ran on a reef, and was only got off with considerable difficulty and with the help of a British gun-boat. On the West Coast the Germans do not seem to be prospering any better, and there has been a palaver at Okanhandja, in Damara Land, between Kamaherero, Chief of the Damaras and his chieftains, Dr. Goering, the German Magistrate, and the German Missionaries, and Mr. Lewis, whose claims to certain conceded territory are disputed by Germany. Kamaherero used very strong language to Dr. Goering, denied having given any rights to the Germans, fully acknowledged the concessions to Mr. Lewis, and declared he had heard of the German laws, and was "thirsting for the English." Dr. Goering subsequently left for Walvisch Bay, and the Germans are said to be leaving the country as rapidly as possible. In another quarter of the globe also—Samoa—the Germans have met with a rebuff, as there has been a sharp brush between the crews of the corvette *Olga* and the gunboat *Adler* and the followers of Mataafa, at Lanly, who inflicted considerable loss upon the Germans. The Germans subsequently bombarded five villages, and much excitement prevails throughout the islands, as the Germans are expected to take further action. The affair is generally put down to the intrigues of the American Colony, England and the English for once being quite out of the affair.

Of home affairs the chief topics have been the release of Dr. Geffcken, who is not to be tried after all, and the Morier-Bismarck controversy, which has raged hotly throughout the week. Dr. Geffcken has been released by the decision of the Criminal Senate of the Supreme Court of the Empire at Leipzig, which found that there were reasons sufficient for assuming that Dr. Geffcken had published passages from the Emperor Frederick's Diary containing intelligence the concealment of which from other Governments was essential to the welfare of the German Empire, but that, on the other hand, there were not grounds enough for assuming consciousness on Dr. Geffcken's part that the passages in question contained intelligence of the kind referred to. Dr. Geffcken's acquittal is looked upon as a triumph by the Liberals, but the Bismarckian organs still stigmatise him as a traitor animated by the most overpowering hatred of the great Chancellor. As for the Morier controversy, Sir Robert Morier wrote direct to Count Hertbert Bismarck, enclosing a letter from Marshal Bazaine (written shortly before his death in reply to one from Sir Robert) denying that he ever received information of German military movements through Sir Robert during the Franco-Prussian War, and asked the Count to have the accusation against him officially contradicted. To this request Count Bismarck returned a curt and essentially Bismarckian refusal, and Sir Robert Morier accordingly published the correspondence. Thereupon the "Reptile" organs roundly accused Sir Robert Morier of having forged Bazaine's letter. On his side, Count Bismarck published the text of Major von Deines' report of his conversation with Marshal Bazaine, in which the latter made the accusations referred to. As Major von Deines is well known as a strict man of honour, the general impression is either that he and the Marshal misunderstood each other, or that the Marshal, who latterly had become senile and in great straits for money, actually did make the statement in question, with a view of currying favour with the German Embassy. The object of the whole crusade against Sir Robert Morier is believed to be simply to discredit him at St. Petersburg, where as English Ambassador he is credited with endeavouring to induce Russia to adopt an anti-German policy. Meanwhile, the Empress Augusta has now been drawn into the controversy. Certain journals had accused the late Dr. Brandis, her secretary in 1870, of furnishing military information to Sir Robert Morier. The Empress at once addressed a note to Prince Bismarck, pointing out that no secret military despatches ever passed through her hands, and indignantly protesting against the aspersion on the "honour due to the memory of one who had served her faithfully for many years." The Bismarckian Press are certainly no respecter even of the most august personages when they have any pet scheme of their master on hand.

In FRANCE the Chambers reassembled on Tuesday, and, as usual, the chair was taken in each House by the oldest member, who made a little speech appropriate to the occasion. In the Senate this duty was performed by M. de Bondy, an old Orleanist, who was a peer under Louis Philippe, and who dwelt upon the advantages of the "Senate as supplying a pledge of security for the country, and as a body which would not cower under threats from outside." In the Chamber the speaker was M. Pierre Blanc, a staunch Republican, who urged all parties to unite in defence of the threatened Republic. "It was impossible to believe that, after having struggled for nearly a century for the triumph of her liberties, France would abdicate them, and that, after having made three revolutions, overturned three dynasties, and become her own mistress, she should forget herself to the extent of returning to personal power." It is evident that the Republicans are now recognising the danger of the Boulangist movement, and on Tuesday there was a sharp and significant contest over the election to the Presidency of the Chamber. There were three candidates. M. Andrieux, put forward by the Boulangists and Reactionists, M. Clémenceau by the Radicals, and the ex-President, M. Meline, by the Moderates—the last being elected by a large majority.

Political parties of all shades also are busy buckling their armour for the great battle of the 27th, when General Boulanger will contest the vacant seat for Paris. The Republicans have chosen M. Jacques as a candidate—who is considered rather ultra by the Moderates, but who it is hoped will unite all Republican votes. On the other hand, General Boulanger is to be supported by the Royalists and Bonapartists, so that the result is anxiously looked forward to as a definitive trial of strength. General Boulanger's electoral address differs little from his previous emanations. He repudiates all charges of aiming at a Dictatorship, avers himself a Republican, but declares, "I want—and France also wants—a Republic consisting of something different from a mere aggregation of ambitions and appetites." M. Jacques in his address protests against the return of personal power, and declares that "Clericalism is leading to the fight all malcontents and all enemies of the Republic, for whom General Boulanger is the standard-bearer." The two elections held on Sunday for the seats vacant by General Boulanger in the Somme and Charente-Inférieure have been won by his candidates, General Montaudon, a Royalist, and M. Dupont, a Bonapartist.—In PARIS some alarmists pronounced the Eiffel Tower to be out of the perpendicular, and public opinion was only tranquillised by a Government inspection

and report to the contrary. The tower is now 707 feet high, and the workmen on the summit, a few days since, were in bright sunshine while the city below was enshrouded in fog. The Panama Canal Company have been holding various meetings, and several schemes for raising the wind are being discussed. At the Isthmus itself there are some hundreds of workmen already out of employment through the unavoidable reductions made by contractors.

There is little other European News of interest. In TURKEY, the Government have seized the Haidar Pasha Ismid Railway on the plea that the Company have never fulfilled their agreement with the Porte or paid the Ottoman Government the full amount of its shares and its profits—the amount claimed being 50,000l.—It is stated that Prince Ferdinand, of BULGARIA, will be betrothed to Princess Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Count of Flanders.—In SPAIN there have been some more dynamite explosions at Madrid, but of a comparatively inoffensive nature, and it is suspected that some persons are perpetrating a hoax. A petard was exploded in the Royal Palace, at Madrid, on Tuesday last and only broke a few windows.—In SERBIA the King last week closed the Skupstina with great ceremony; but he has not yet succeeded in forming a workable Cabinet. When this is done, he will take a holiday.—In RUSSIA the winter weather has been exceptionally severe. The Princess Lieven has had a narrow escape of her life while driving over a level railway crossing. The gates had been left accidentally open, and a train coming up ran over the sledge and killed the coachman. The Princess was thrown between the rails, and the carriages passed over her without inflicting the slightest injury.—In ITALY Lord Dufferin has been very cordially received, and on Monday presented his credentials as British Ambassador to King Humbert at the Quirinal. Complimentary speeches were made on both sides, and the King expressed a hope that he might again see Queen Victoria in Italy.

At SUAKIN, now that General Grenfell and a portion of the troops have left, the Arabs at Handoub are again showing signs of activity, and several slight skirmishes have occurred. On Sunday two companies of the 6th Sudanese, while cutting and burning brushwood in a khor, were surprised by a body of about a hundred of Arab cavalry. A picket of sixteen Hussars, under Lieutenant Kelly, however, seeing the enemy approaching, fired at the horse-men, and thus gave the blacks time to secure their arms. Forts Handoub and Shaata then began to shell the enemy, who were finally forced to retire, the *coup de grace* being given by a well-aimed shell from H.M.S. *Racer*. A dervish, Hamed Mulaym, who had been punished by Osman Digma for chewing tobacco (all use of tobacco and alcohol being very strictly forbidden by the Mahdi), has come over to our camp, and states that the present force in Handoub includes 1,200 footmen and 90 cavalry. A proclamation has been issued to the tribes by the Governor-General, assuring them that no intention exists of either asserting authority or imposing taxes upon them, and all that the Government wants is to see the tribes living peaceably together, and to bring about a revival of trade. The Government, however, is determined to hold Suakin, and, if the Dervishes attack the town again, they will be driven off as before. The Government, however, would much prefer that the tribes themselves should undertake this task, and to this effect the Governor invites the Sheikhs to come and confer with him at Suakin. If negotiations are successful, the Government will supply food and money. The defeat of the Mahdists by Emin Pasha has been confirmed by an ex-pay-sergeant of the Darfour garrison, who has arrived at Wady Halfa.

In the UNITED STATES the Senate has adopted a resolution by 49 to 30 votes on the Panama Canal question, declaring that the Government would "look with serious concern and disapproval upon any connection of any European Government with the construction or control of any ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien or Central America, and must regard any such connection or control as injurious to the just rights and interests of the United States, and a menace to their welfare." The President is requested to communicate the resolution to the European Governments. It is now stated to be certain that Mr. Blaine will be Secretary of State in the new Administration. A terrible cyclone took place at Reading, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, doing much damage. Fifty persons are said to have lost their lives.

In CANADA, at the annual banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade, both the Governor-General and Mr. John Macdonald repudiated all idea of annexation to the United States, and declared that Canada was fully capable of working out her own destiny.

From INDIA there is little news of importance this week, but a noteworthy victory was gained in Burma on New Year's Day. Brigadier-General Collett and his forces having encountered Sawlapaw, the chief of the Red Karens, and completely routed him. The British loss was five sepoy killed and wounded. The enemy left two hundred dead on the field. The Ameer of Afghanistan was shot at by a sepoy of the Herat Infantry, while holding a parade of the troops at Mazar-i-Cherif. The assassin missed his aim, and was at once cut down.



THE QUEEN continues in the Isle of Wight. Princess Louise and her husband left Osborne at the end of last week, their place being taken on Saturday by Princess Christian, who was two hours crossing in the *Alberta* from Portsmouth, owing to the dense fog. On Sunday morning, Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, when the Rev. Canon Prothero officiated, and in the evening the Canon joined the Royal party at dinner. Other visitors have been Earl Cadogan and General Sir Sam Browne. The Empress Frederick and her daughters leave Osborne shortly for town, and, after remaining a night at Buckingham Palace, will go to Sandringham. The Empress's departure from England is now fixed for February 17th. The Queen will not leave the Isle of Wight until after February 14th. Her Majesty has appointed Prince Henry of Battenberg Governor and Captain-General of the Isle of Wight and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, replacing the late Viscount Eversley. The Queen's usual Epiphany offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh were presented on Sunday at the morning Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. It is stated that Her Majesty will visit Biarritz in March, and that the Villa Larocheffoucauld has been taken for her accommodation.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family came up to town from Sandringham at the end of last week, and paid a visit to Hengler's Circus. On Saturday they were present at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, at the marriage of Lady Alice Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, with the Hon. Edward Stanley, eldest son of Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston. Later they went to the wedding breakfast, and in the evening to the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service. Next morning the Prince went to Lambeth

Palace to meet a deputation from the Working Men's Committee to further the scheme for securing the "Lawn," South Lambeth, for a public recreation ground. In the afternoon the Royal party returned to Sandringham, where on Tuesday they kept Prince Albert Victor's twenty-fifth birthday. Next week the Marquis of Salisbury will visit the Prince and Princess at Sandringham. The Prince and Princess go to Yorkshire the week after next. They will be entertained by the Earl of Zeilund at Aske Hall, and, during their visit, will go to Middlesbrough to open some public buildings.

The Duke of Edinburgh, with Prince Alfred, left Malta in the ironclad *Alexandra* for Naples on Tuesday.—The King of the Netherlands is worse again. He is very weak, and takes little nourishment.—It is stated that the Czarevitch will shortly be betrothed to Princess Alix, youngest daughter of the late Princess Alice and Grand Duke of Hesse. Her elder sister is married to the Grand Duke Sergius, the Czar's brother. The marriage of the Grand Duke Paul with the Crown Princess of Greece will take place in July at St. Petersburg. The wedding will be made the occasion of a family gathering, and the Prince of Wales will probably be present.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

THE present Winter Exhibition is not the less interesting because it is more limited in range than those of former years. There is no work of the primitive Italian or Flemish painters, nor is there any example of the mature Art that immediately followed the Renaissance. Compensation for their absence will, however, be found in a magnificent series of eighteen large pictures by Rembrandt, including two or three of the finest that he produced. Several of the smaller Dutch masters, too, are extremely well represented. The pictures of the late Frank Holl form a very interesting feature of the exhibition; and among the English pictures of earlier date are some masterpieces.

The collection of Mr. T. Horrocks Miller, which entirely fills the First Room, contains good and characteristic examples of nearly all the most able English painters who lived and worked during the fifty years ending in 1879. Turner's picture of "Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt" is an admirable rendering of stormy sea and moving sky; but his extraordinary mastery over the mysteries of light and air is still better shown in the large "Quilleboef" on the opposite wall. The stormy sky, the surging waves breaking on the rocky coast, and the sunlit town indistinctly seen through the spray, are depicted in a way that no other artist has approached. John Linnell also appears in great force. We have seen nothing by him grander in style, or more true to Nature, than his "Welsh Mountain Road" or his larger pastoral "The Purchased Flock." By C. R. Leslie there are about a dozen pictures, extending in date of production over his entire career. Two very early works, "Lady and Dove" and "Contemplation," are very weak and commonplace, and give no indication of the great ability that he afterwards developed. All his best works in the collection are well known from engravings. They show a keen sense of character, and are full of quaint unobtrusive humour. No artist has so well succeeded in realising the characters drawn by Sterne and Goldsmith. The "Sterne and the Chaise-Vamper's Wife," as described in "Tristram Shandy," and the "Scene from the 'Vicar of Wakefield,'" in which the consternation of the Primroses and their fashionable acquaintances at Burchell's exclamation "Fudge" is vividly portrayed, are in his best manner. In addition to their skilful characterisation and expressive humour, they have many valuable pictorial qualities, including harmony of composition and colour, and broad, but finished, workmanship. Hanging as a companion to the latter, and suffering a good deal by comparison with it, is a picture by Maclise, representing the Vicar's family surprised at the unexpected visit of the fine ladies while playing at "Hunt the Slipper at Neighbour Flamboyant's." It has vivacity of design, but the figures do not at all accord with Goldsmith's description of them. The execution is hard, and the colour harsh and metallic. Mulready's "Giving a Bite" is one of the best of his numerous pictures of boys, remarkable for its masterly technique as well as for its truth of character and expression.

Etty's power as a colourist and skill in flesh painting are well exemplified in a single figure "The Bather," and in a finely composed imaginative picture, "The Coral Finders." Of many pictures by Augustus Egg that representing "Peter the Great Seeing Catherine, His Future Empress, for the First Time," is in some respects the best. The incident is set forth with a great deal of dramatic power. The figures are well grouped, natural in gesture, and painted with decisive firmness. His picture of a prisoner taking leave of his wife, called "The Stricken Deer," while not less true in expression, is fuller in tone and broader in effect. E. M. Ward's "West's First Effort in Art" is not a very good example of his work, but it is infinitely superior to his theatrical and commonplace picture of Byron looking into a ball-room window where Miss Chaworth is dancing. A small picture of "Jacob and Rachel" meeting at the well, by W. Dyce, is distinguished by accurate draughtsmanship, beauty of composition, and combined strength and refinement of style. By Landseer there is a masterly study of a deerhound's head; and by J. F. Lewis three small Oriental scenes, remarkable for their fastidious completeness of detail and gem-like brilliancy of colour.

Among the examples of Low Country Art which, together with a few eighteenth-century French pictures occupy the Second Gallery, are many of great excellence. We have seldom seen a better work by Gabriel Metsu than "The Intruder," representing a cavalier trying to enter a room in which two ladies are dressing, and prevented by a stalwart serving-woman. The figures are animated and, as well as all the appropriate accessories, are painted with extreme delicacy and completeness.—Jan Steen is seen to great advantage in a very life-like full-length portrait of himself playing the mandolin; and in two domestic scenes, "The Doctor" and "Grace before Meat." Both these pictures are full of character; they are excellent in colour and keeping, and entirely free from the coarseness that disfigures many of his works. Brutal coarseness and unrestrained exuberance of style are seen together with great artistic power in a very large picture, "So Wie Die Alten Sungen," by Jacob Jordaens. The Flemish peasants, male and female, all of a very low type, who are seen carousing in a tavern are instinct with vitality, and are painted with a vigorous firmness and breadth that very few painters have equalled. Some of the best qualities of Adrian van Ostade's work are shown in a very highly-finished little "Interior of a Tavern," with naturally grouped and characteristic peasants playing at cards and smoking. Cuyp's view on the river "Near Dordrecht," with boats and many figures in the foreground, and a fleet of fishing-boats sailing away in the distance is as true in aerial perspective and as luminous in tone as any of the numerous pictures by him that have appeared here. Aart van der Neer's large "Skating Scene," Van de Capelle's finely-toned "Shipping in



a Calm," Emanuel de Witte's "Interior of a Church," and two excellent portraits by Cornelius Jansen are among other Dutch pictures that will repay examination.

### THE QUEEN'S NAVY

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery may now be seen a series of sixty-four water-colour drawings and sketches, illustrating in a very artistic and evidently faithful way the Naval Manœuvres of last summer. They are the work of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and were executed on board H.M.S. *Black Prince*, to which, as representative of *The Graphic*, a place was assigned him by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. No artist is better qualified than Mr. Wyllie for the task. He has an intimate knowledge of ships and all pertaining to them; he is a close observer of nature, and is able to depict the ever-changing aspects of the sea with remarkable fidelity. All these drawings have been painted directly from nature, and have the freshness and spontaneity of immediate observation. Many of them are slight and summary records of transient effects, "Portland Roads," for instance, and "Spithead, July 23, 1888," in which the whirling wash from a large steamship is admirably rendered. The larger drawing, showing sailors busily engaged in boats "Alongside the *Black Prince*," with an infinite number of sea birds fluttering about their heads, and a somewhat similar subject, "Torpedo Nets and Booms," are especially noteworthy for their admirable rendering of bright sunshine, and the vivid sense of movement that they convey. They have a convincing appearance of reality, and are excellent as works of art. There are many other drawings in the room scarcely, if at all, inferior to them.



### CHURCH NEWS

BETWEEN SIX AND SEVEN THOUSAND MEMBERS of the Church of England have signed a counter-declaration, which is meant to meet the declaration drawn up by Archdeacon Denison, and previously referred to in this column. The signatories of the new document desire to state their conviction that "the real scandal to religion" and "injury to the growth of the spiritual life" (represented in the original declaration as produced by Ecclesiastical prosecutions) "is the re-introduction into our places of worship of medieval doctrines and practices." The Bishop of Lincoln, to the impending prosecution of whom, for alleged ritualistic practices, both of these declarations are due, has received an address of sympathy from the clergy of the South Lincolnshire Rural Deanery. In the course of his reply, he expresses the hope that "this trouble may awaken a spirit of candid inquiry into Church principles, and so be the means of bringing us together on solid ground."

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, when recently opening a mission-room in the parish of Roby, said that the Act of Uniformity prevented a consecrated church from being used for any other purpose than that of holding a Prayer Book Service. Such a prohibition made it impossible for laymen to take their proper part in Church-work unless this were supplemented by mission-rooms, in which every possible latitude and freedom were extended to the laity.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE, in a Diocesan pastoral, refers to the failure of Ecclesiastical legislation in Parliament, and adds that, "were it not for the consideration of the enormous power for good conferred upon the Church by her national position, the vexations to which she is subjected by the necessity of having recourse in almost every matter to an unsympathetic and over-busy Legislature might almost tempt her children to wish that the Liberationists might succeed in their efforts."

THE DEATH, in his eighty-third year, is announced of the veteran Methodist Minister, the Rev. Thomas Russell, a fellow-worker with Hugh and James Bourne in founding the Primitive Methodist Connexion. It is a curious illustration of the disabilities which pressed upon Nonconformists so late as 1830, that in that year Mr. Russell was sentenced for preaching in the open air to three months' hard labour in Abingdon gaol.

THE REV. JOHN MCNEILL, Free Church minister of Edinburgh, who has been styled the Scottish Spurgeon, has accepted a call from the congregation of Regent Square, London, which was built for the famous Edward Irving.

AT A GREAT GATHERING OF THE SALVATION ARMY in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, to celebrate the commissioning of its 7,000th officer, General Booth, presided and defended the sayings and doings of the force. Dr. Clifford, President of the Baptist Association, expressed warm approval of the food and shelter arrangements initiated by General Booth, which he spoke of as a "new departure."



### RURAL NOTES

THE PRICE OF ENGLISH CORN IN 1888.—The average price of wheat last year was as follows:—January, 30s. 11d.; February, 30s. 3d.; March, 30s. 5d.; April, 30s. 4d.; May, 31s. 7d.; June, 31s. 4d.; July, 31s. 9d.; August, 31s. 3d.; September, 35s. 10d.; October, 31s. 7d.; November, 31s. 10d.; and December, 31s. Average of the year, 31s. 10d. From the fall of 4s. 3d. after harvest, it might be imagined that a good crop was realised, but most of our readers will remember that exactly the reverse was the case. The fall was due to two causes, first to the inferior quality of the new wheat, and secondly to the large imports of Russian and other foreign sorts, whereby the price of home-produce was depressed. The average price of barley was:—January, 30s.; February, 30s.; March, 29s. 9d.; April, 30s. 2d.; May, 30s. 1d.; June, 25s.; July, 24s. 2d.; August, 22s. 4d.; September, 28s. 6d.; October, 29s. 1d.; November, 27s. 11d.; and December, 29s. 1d. Average of the year, 27s. 10d. per quarter. The average price of oats was:—January, 16s.; February, 15s. 11d.; March, 15s. 9d.; April, 15s. 11d.; May, 16s. 9d.; June, 17s. 1d.; July, 17s. 3d.; August, 19s. 2d.; September, 18s. 2d.; October, 16s. 5d.; November, 16s. 6d.; and December, 16s. 7d. Average of the year, 16s. 10d. per quarter.

COMPARED WITH PREVIOUS YEARS in "the Eighties" 1888 is remarkable for extremely low wheat quotations and also for a low level of value for oats. Barley, owing to the good quality of the 1887 crop, was not so depressed. Wheat was 8d. worse than in 1887, is less than in 1885, and a good deal lower than many years from 1880 to 1884; it was, however, 8d. dearer than in 1886. Barley, in 1888, showed a rise of 2s. 5d. from 1887, and 1s. 10d. from 1886, but was 2s. 4d. cheaper than in 1885, and 4s. cheaper than in 1883. In 1880 33s. 1d. was quoted. Oats were 7d. above the wonderfully low price of 1887, the lowest in the century, although the home yield was below an average. But the 16s. 10d.

quoted for 1888 is still a sadly depressed level of value. In 1880 23s. 1d. was quoted, in 1884 20s. 3d., and when in 1885 prices fell to 19s. 1d., it was thought that the lowest depth had been reached. Looking to the averages of the past three years it is simply natural to find a material diminution in the cultivated acreage. As the land has not gone out of cultivation the gain has probably been to wheat, potatoes, and pasture, for the barley acreage is almost stationary.

ROOTS.—Owing to the absence of sunshine, the growth of the root-crops, favourable in other respects, was unfavourable in the matter of sugar production. It is thought that the mangold-crop will prove in saccharine even poorer than 1879 or 1880; this is saying a good deal. Where the roots were highly fed, and upon the drier soils, the bulk per acre has proved heavy; but the water-logged lands have not turned out beneficial even to roots more than 80 per cent. of whose substance is normally water. Swedes have done much better, and in many parts of England there is an excellent supply of turnips.

BEANS AND PEAS are gradually rising in price; nor is this any wonder, seeing that of both sorts of pulse the yield in 1888 was very deficient. Upon beans, in especial, the July-August rainfall of ten inches had a most disastrous effect. Some of the earliest-sown peas, and a few winter beans, had set their blossoms before the rains came, and with these the crops were fair. But the majority of beans went to stalk and leaf, while late peas showed hardly any pods.

ENGLISH FARMERS are credited with having supplied 7,200,000 qrs. of wheat to the markets of 1888. The total supply of the year was 25,587,232 qrs., so that in the form either of wheat or flour over 18,000,000 qrs. had to be procured from abroad. The wants of the year are estimated at 25,750,000 qrs., the reserves at the beginning of 1888 were reckoned to be 2,897,998 qrs., and the reserves on January 1st, 1889, are accordingly calculated to have equalled 2,735,230 qrs. Reserves of six weeks' supplies are by no means excessive at a time when our command of the sea is not nearly so well assured as it was in years when we were wholly independent of the foreigner with respect to corn and horn. During 1888, Russia has contributed very largely to the satisfaction of our requirements, not only of wheat, but also of barley, oats, and maize. To the French and German peasants the same Power has supplied enormous quantities of rye, so that, altogether, 1888 will be remembered in a good many quarters as "Russia's year."

SCOTLAND.—A weather observer at Banff has been rewarded for thirty years' watchings by securing an unique record. In 1888 snow fell in all the twelve months. After this, it may be needless to remark that 1888 was reckoned a most ungenial season. Prices for grain have not been satisfactory, for wheat and oats have been cheap, and barley, instead of advancing on 1887 currencies as in England, has fallen from 27s. 11d. to 24s. 1d. per quarter. The big yield of all sorts of straw is some sort of compensation to cattle-farmers. Potatoes, though better than at first expected, are still short of an average. The autumn has been so open that few demands have been made on roots, but when the recent frost set in turnips began to come into requisition. Stockowners, on the whole, have not fared badly. Lambs have averaged, perhaps, 8s. a head more money than in 1887, and this of itself has given farmers a good lift. The Scotch speculators who rely upon the London Christmas Market for fat stock have bitten their own fingers, but ordinary beef at the local markets has been selling at remunerative prices throughout the entire twelve months.

BIRDS.—"Wood pigeons," says a correspondent, "are not as plentiful as usual this season. Woodcocks and snipes do not abound to anything like the extent which the sportsman would desire. Redwings in some districts, where usually they are numerous, have not yet been seen, while fieldfares and starlings are in smaller flocks than last winter, and missel-thrushes, which were frequent in October and November, now seem rare. The appearance of the stone-curlew out of season has also to be chronicled. A few winter in Cornwall and the Scilly Islands, but for one to be seen as far north as York is quite exceptional. With respect to the disputed point as to whether starlings are the farmer's friends or foes, I may say that I recently shot one coming out of a piece of wheat which was just above ground. Inside the maw, or gizzard, there were two small snails, one very small maggot, and the remainder was "shucks" of wheat, with small pieces of sprouted grain. The part called, I believe, the long gut was full of earth, similar to what I fancy you would find in a snipe. No whole grains were to be found, but I think starlings must take the corn after it has got soft, and therefore damage the plant."

PRIMROSES.—Thanks to the inevitable results of popularity in an over-peopled country the primrose as a hedge-row plant is rapidly disappearing, and the garden is becoming more and more its place of refuge. If any one country can be regarded as a home of this most widely-spread flower, it is China, and the little explored district between China and India. From this region we received in 1820 the beautiful Chinese primrose, and within the past twenty years more than as many varieties of pure primroses have been discovered in the mountains of Yunnan, besides several of the nearly allied *Lysimachia*. They are often found growing where scarcely any moisture can rest, and they seem to flourish best on the limestone-formations. We may expect at least some of them will admit of being acclimatised for the English gardens, and we certainly hope to see amongst us the Himalayan primrose, which is so to speak a daisy-primrose growing in tufts like moss, and bearing a beautiful, tiny flower, on a stalk about an inch high. Some of the new Yunnan varieties have their blossoms scattered along the stalk, more like our English mullein than our ordinary primrose. Here is a new field for amateurs who are wearied of orchids.



### THEATRES

A COMEDIETTA from the pen of Mr. F. W. Broughton, author of *Withered Leaves*, has been brought out at the VAUDEVILLE with the title of *The Poet*, and is an amusing trifle which may be said to have taken the audience by surprise. "The Poet" naturally suggests a sentimental being, after the pattern of M. François Coppée's heroes; but Mr. Broughton's poet is only that humble and despised individual who devotes his rhyming talents to the service of advertising tradesmen. The way in which this obscure man of letters turns his faculty to account in bringing to shame an aristocratic persecutor of his daughter is genuinely diverting. In the hands of Mr. Frederick Thorne, the part lost nothing of its humorous characteristics. Mr. Broughton's witticisms have sometimes the air of being rather painfully prepared; but the dialogue generally is smart and pointed. We must not forget to notice Miss Annie Irish's pleasing impersonation of the heroine. The little piece is not for those languid playgoers who drop into their stalls just before the rising of the curtain upon Mr. Robert Buchanan's justly-popular comedy *Joseph's Sweetheart*, but for those more hardy playgoers who come in time to go through the whole programme.

THE CRITERION and the OPÉRA COMIQUE are now both closed, though only for a few days. The former will re-open on Saturday next with *Still Waters Run Deep*, in which Mr. Wyndham, Mrs.

Bernard Beere, and Miss Mary Moore will appear; the latter, on the same evening, with Mrs. Oscar Beringer's comedy, entitled *Tares*, originally produced at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's early last year. At the same time the afternoon performances of *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*, at the latter house, will be resumed. The new SHAFESBURY Theatre is also closed, pending the production of a new play.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre will re-open this (Saturday) evening with Planquette's comic opera *Paul Jones*, which will be played by the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company.



### LEGAL

A NEWCASTLE PAPER authoritatively contradicts the report that Sir Horace Davey intends to accept a paid membership of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council on the hypothetical resignation of it by Sir Barnes Peacock, and thus sever his connection with the Borough of Stockton, for which he was quite recently elected member.

THE CLERKENWELL POLICE-MAGISTRATE this week disposed, so far, of an adjourned charge of a singular kind in connection with the recent election to the London School Board. Among the candidates then nominated for Finsbury were three gentlemen in favour of whom several Roman Catholic priests issued a circular setting forth the names of all the candidates for the district, but marking with the figure "2" the names of those three as candidates to each of whom the elector was advised to give two votes. Among the other candidates was a Mr. Henry Foster Burns, who has been charged with issuing a circular in which the same priests were represented as recommending the elector to give two votes to himself and to two other candidates, apparently allied with him. The printer of the counterfeit circular was examined, and he admitted that Mr. Burns might have told him to leave out the names of the priests. Ultimately the defendant was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, but was allowed bail.

IN HIS CHARGE to the Grand Jury on opening the January Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, the Recorder, referring to cases of letter-stealing by Post-Office employés which would be brought before them, said that considering the number both of letter-carriers and of the valuable letters passing through their hands, it was in the highest degree creditable to those Post-Office employés, and to its staff generally, that there were so few cases of the kind. On Tuesday a letter-carrier, previously of good character, and on that account recommended by the Post-Office authorities to mercy, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for stealing two postal orders. An accomplice, unconnected with the Post-Office, who had received and cashed them, and who was known to the police, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

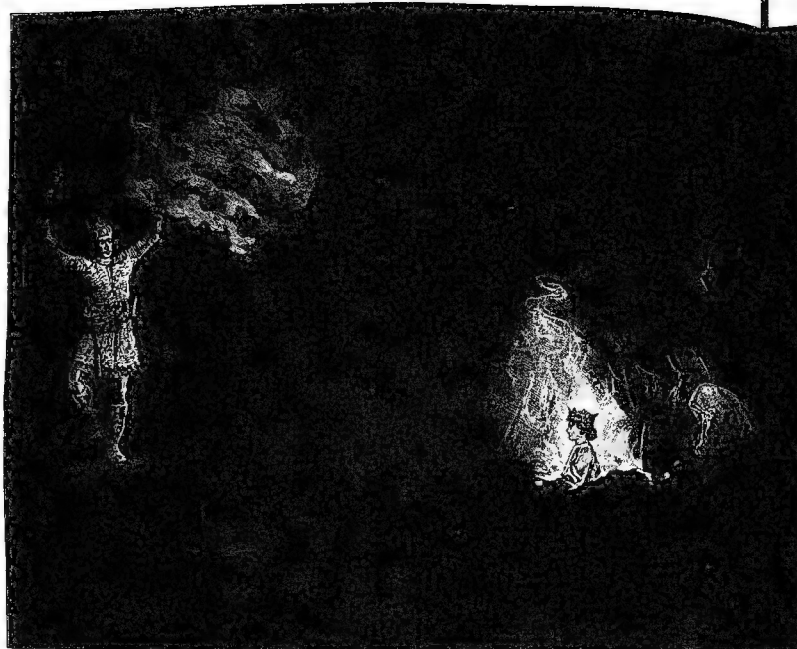
AS A RESULT of the inquiries of a Select Committee of the House of Commons into Police-court accommodation, the Home Secretary has directed that a modest meal shall be supplied to all persons who are detained in the cells after 2 P.M., and who have not been furnished with food by their friends. In cases of immediate necessity, a meal may be supplied before 2 P.M., and a second when the detention is prolonged.

SUNDRIES.—Considering that first-rate celebrities do not come to the front at the rate of fifty-two a year, the editor of the "Vanity Fair Album" has contrived to secure a goodly show of fairly interesting personages for this, his twentieth annual volume. The likenesses, too, for the most part, hit the happy medium between portrait and caricature, though that of Lord Hartington is a trifle ill-natured. Mr. Pellegrini ("Ape") is more sparsely represented than usual, owing to illness. Mr. Ward ("Spy") has achieved some successful likenesses. Among the portraits which will most attract the attention of the general public are those of Prince Albert Victor, Lord Ailesbury, Mr. Grossmith, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Haweis, such well-known M.P.'s as Messrs. Jesse Collings, T. P. O'Connor, Cunningham-Graham, and Tanner, and the jockeys in the frontispiece. The letterpress seems less incisive than usual, and there are more printers' errors in it than there ought to be.—The new volume of "The Portfolio" (Seeley and Co.) is one of the most interesting of the long series which Mr. P. G. Hamerton has edited so ably. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's papers on the earlier English water-colour painters, comprising such men as Paul Sandby, Girtin, Turner, Bonington, Copley Fielding, Cox, and Dewint, admirably illustrated with specimens of their works, are alone worth the cost of the volume. Besides this we have an excellent illustrated life of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A.; specimens of English architectural work by Mr. Reginald Blomfield; examples of old and new masters, from Rembrandt and Teniers the Second to Harry Bates, the sculptor, and Verge, the painter; and a series of instructive articles on Book Illustration after the accomplished editor, Mr. Hamerton.—The *Children's Illustrated Magazine* (same publishers) is styled a "high-class magazine," and it fully deserves the title; for, considering its price—two pence monthly—its articles and its pictures—many of which are artistically coloured—it deserves to take a leading position among periodicals designed for the entertainment of young persons.—In "The True Position of Patentees," Mr. H. Moy Thomas has contrived to give within the limits of a shilling book (Ayrton and Thomas, 59, Chancery Lane) a clear and concise account of the Patent Laws and Regulations of all countries, including those of our Colonies and Possessions which are civilised enough to extend protection to inventors. A leading feature is the explanation of the combined effect of English and Foreign Patent Laws on the interests of English inventors. The immense impetus given by Mr. Chamberlain's Act which, in less than four years, has nearly quadrupled the annual number of patents taken out in this country, makes this publication timely. With our present moderate and progressive official fees, things have indeed changed for inventors since Charles Dickens, in *Household Words* in his "Poor Man's Tale of a Patent," exposed the hardships and cruelties of our old unreformed system.—Sells's "Dictionary of the World's Press," now in its ninth year of publication, is certainly a marvel of enterprise and cheapness. The latest volume is now before us, and seems to contain information on every conceivable subject of interest to those in any way connected with newspapers. Amongst other things we may mention are articles on "The Influence of the Press," "The Law of Libel," "Modern Printing Appliances," and "The New Journalism." A novel feature of the book, worthy of special mention, is a collection of portraits of the chief metropolitan and provincial papers.—It is unnecessary to do more than chronicle the appearance of the most recent issue of the "Royal Red Book" (Webster and Co., 60, Piccadilly), as it is well known as being the "Court and Fashionable Register," and is appreciated accordingly.—The "Registered Date Indicating" Blotting Pads, combining pad and diary, published by Hudson and Kearns, 83, Southwark Street, are most handy productions. Both for utility and durability they rank amongst the best we have seen.—The same firm also sends us "The Architect's Diary," Nos. 12 and 13, with one and two pages, respectively, to a day, both of which contain much professional information; "The Builder's Diary;" and "A Diary and Note Book for 1889."





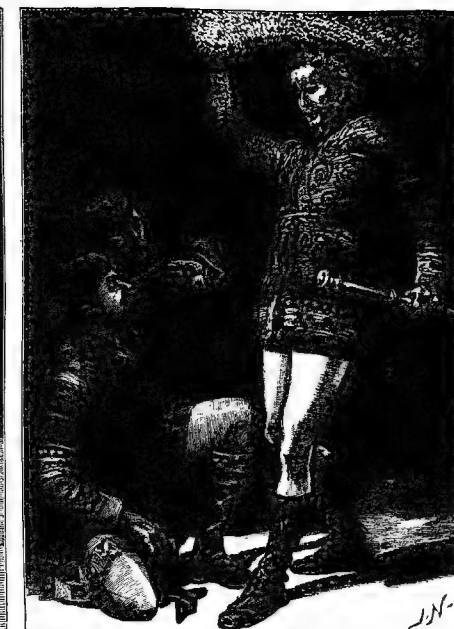
MACBETH: "If we should fail,—  
LADY MACBETH: "We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail."—ACT I, Scene 7.



MACBETH: "What is this  
That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?"  
WITCHES: "Listen, but speak not to't."—ACT IV, Scene 1.



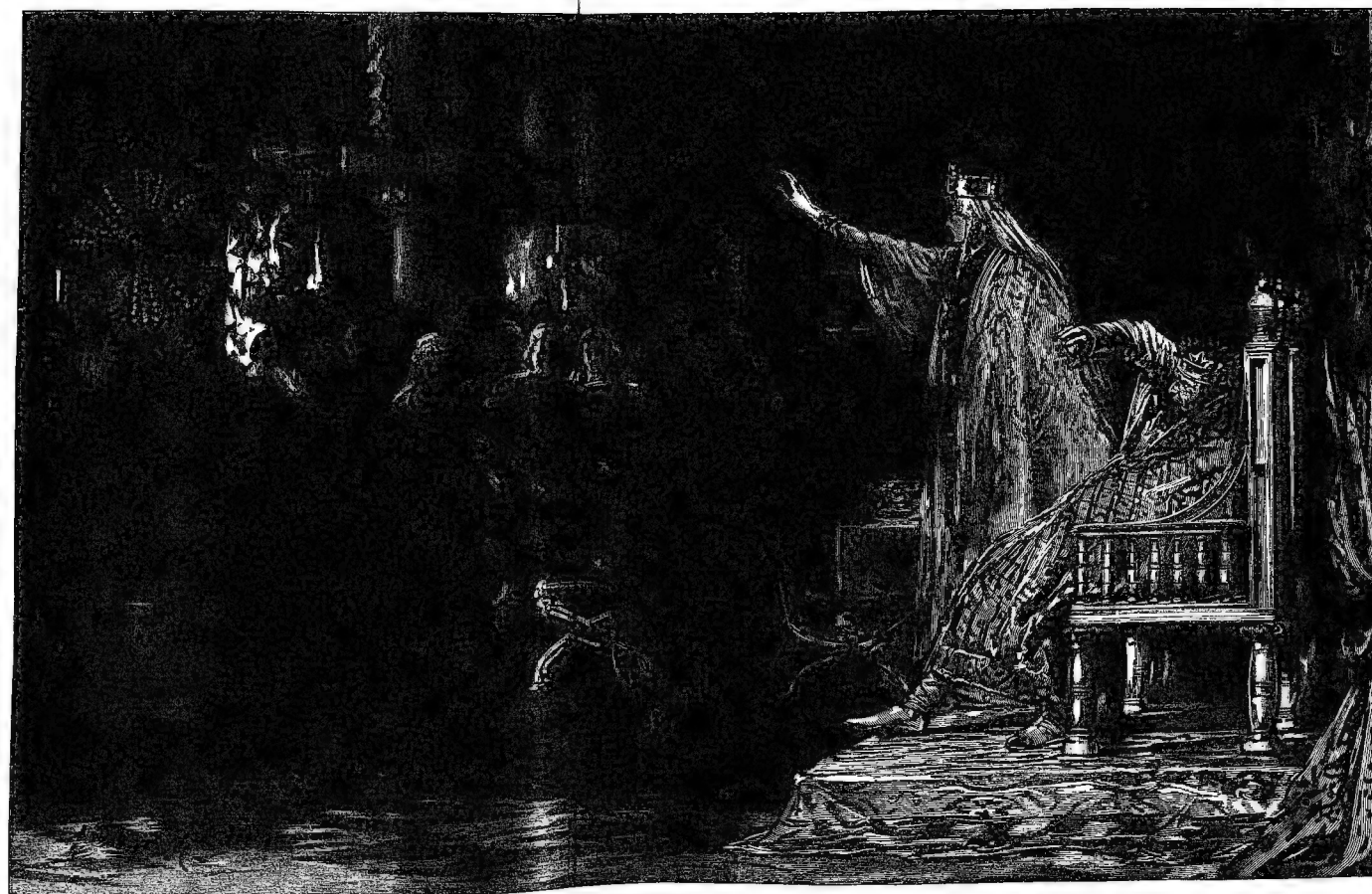
THE DEATH OF MACBETH



MACBETH: "I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.  
Give me my armour."—ACT V, Scene 3.



MACBETH: "I have done the deed.—Did'st thou not hear a noise?"  
LADY MACBETH: "I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?"—ACT II, Scene 2.



MACBETH: "Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence!" [Ghost disappears] Why so; being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still."—ACT III, Scene 4.



LADY MACBETH: "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia  
will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!"—ACT V,  
Scene 1.

# "MACBETH" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

MACBETH, MR. HENRY IRVING

LADY MACBETH, MISS ELLEN TERRY





**MADAME PATTI.**—The reports (true enough, notwithstanding) of Madame Patti's indisposition in Paris no doubt reduced the attendance at her concert at the Albert Hall on Tuesday last. It would have been better if Madame Patti or some one on her behalf, had explained the matter at the outset. The malady, caught in the Paris opera house by the thinly-clad Juliette in the tomb-scene of M. Gounod's opera, and called by the dire-sounding medical name of "laryngo-bronchitis," was neither more nor less than a slight sore throat. Dr. Love, of Paris, warned the *prima donna* that if she sang in Paris last Friday the effort might provoke a fresh attack, and prevent her appearing at the Albert Hall on Tuesday. Therefore, as Madame Patti receives 700*l.* per night (which has been reckoned at 280*l.* each for the two songs for which she was announced, and 140*l.* for her share in the duet) at South Kensington, and only 200*l.* in Paris, it is not difficult to imagine which alternative she would choose. As a matter of fact, she sang on Tuesday night at her very best, and, besides fulfilling her engagement as to the scena from *Lakmé*, "From Mighty Kings," and her part in the duet "Giorno d'orrore," she repeated the duet, and gave "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home" by way of encore, thus doing double duty. It is asserted that at these concerts nobody cares for any other than the *prima donna*. But it is nevertheless true that almost equal applause was extended to Mrs. Henschel for her charming delivery, to the accompaniment of her husband, of Liszt's "Loreley."

**THE POPULAR CONCERTS.**—These concerts were resumed on Monday with, however, a conventional programme, which included Beethoven's "Harp" quartet and a couple of Chopin pieces (the "Berceuse" and the "Barcarolle"), played by Miss Janotha. There was not a large audience. More interesting things are, however, announced in the immediate future. Schubert's *Octet* and Beethoven's *Septet* are both to be twice repeated, and Mr. and Mrs. Grieg, Mrs. Henschel, and Mr. Max Pauer are all to appear before the return of Dr. Joachim, on March 4th. The programme on Saturday of this week is also an exceedingly strong one, for it includes Schubert's fine "Fantasia sonata" in G, which has not been heard here since December, 1881, songs for Mrs. Henschel, and the ever-favourite "Kreutzer" sonata, played by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé.

**THE SEASON AHEAD.**—The musical season of 1889, which is now beginning, bids fair to be an exceedingly busy one. It will be convenient now to indicate a few of the principal performances already announced. The Hackney Choir will begin again on Monday with Haydn's *Seasons*, and will afterwards perform *St. Paul* and Brahms' *Requiem*. The Crystal Palace performances have already been announced. Novello's Choir promise Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, and Bach's *Light of Asia*, besides *Elijah* and *Saul*. At the Albert Hall the Royal Choral Society promise Berlioz's *Faust*, Mancinelli's *Isaiah*, Barnby's *The Lord vs King*, and Denoit's *Lucifer*, besides *The Redemption*, *Messiah*, and *Elijah*. The Highbury Philharmonic Society announce Berlioz's *Faust* and Bach's *Light of Asia*. The Westminster Orchestral Society will produce a new symphony in C by Mr. C. S. Macpherson. There will likewise be the Philharmonic, Richter, and Bach Choir Concerts; concerts for violin and orchestra, for Senor Sarasate; pianoforte recitals by little Otto Hegner, Dora Bright, Janotha, Pachmann, and many others; and at least one operatic enterprise, for vague rumours are current concerning projected opposition to the Royal Italian Opera.

**NIECKS' "CHOPIN."**—A brief notice is now all that is possible of one of the most interesting musical biographies which have appeared of recent years. Chopin is essentially the composer of the drawing-room, his almost feminine delicacy of style rendering his orchestral works wanting in many of the qualifications necessary for such things. On the other hand, despite the fact that they have for forty years and upwards been before the public, his *Études*, *Impromptus*, *Preludes*, *Mazurkas*, *Nocturnes*, *Waltzes*, and other fugitive pianoforte pieces are alike at recitals, and at home, becoming even more popular than ever. We may regret that Professor Niecks has devoted so great a space—more than one fourth of the whole—to the painful subject of Chopin's love for Madame George Sand, and his ultimate betrayal by a confirmed jilt. This sort of thing, apart from the allegations on both sides, which, despite Professor Niecks' unprejudiced endeavours to clear them up, are likely to be still in dispute, is by no means delightful reading, and the moral of warning which they teach may safely be gathered from the subject. For the rest, however, the biography will be welcome as an exceedingly full, and so far as we can judge, a trustworthy account of Chopin's life, and an excellent description and analysis of his principal works, with details of under what circumstances they were composed. The second volume, which deals with the composer's career in Paris during the last ten years of his existence, is almost entirely new, and is derived by Herr Niecks from multitudinous documents, from Chopin's pupils (Mr. Brinley Richards and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, the only two Englishmen to whom Chopin gave instruction, are both now dead), and from his happily still numerous surviving friends and acquaintances. The task, which we have no doubt was a labour of love, has occupied Professor Niecks upwards of ten years, during which period he has been fortunate in securing the ready help of a large number of prominent musical personages, both British and foreign.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The Philharmonic Society announce a new symphony by Dr. Hubert Parry, a new violin suite by Professor Stanford (to be played by Dr. Joachim), works by Grieg and Tchaikowsky, conducted by the composers, and the *début* of several individuals with such unfamiliar names as Backers-Gröndahl, Ysaÿe, and Sapellnikoff.—The National Society of Professional Musicians will next year hold their annual Conference in Edinburgh.—Miss Marie Titiens, who is about to make her *début* in the provinces, is a daughter of Peter Tieffens, the only brother of the great dramatic *prima donna*.—The London Symphony Concerts will be resumed next Tuesday, when the novelty will be Tchaikowsky's new overture illustrating the retreat from Moscow.—An afternoon Ballad Concert was given on Saturday. Mr. Sims Reeves was absent owing to a sore throat, but the programme was a thoroughly familiar one, even the late Mr. Lühr's "Margarita," now sung by Mr. Lloyd, being no novelty.—Miss Damian, on Wednesday night, gave a concert which served as her adieu prior to her joining Madame Albani's troupe in Canada. Miss Damian sang Gounod's *Ruth* and other things, but the programme was of the usual miscellaneous character.—Madame Marie Roze arrived in London on Wednesday, and will next week in Dublin start on her concert tour.—On January 17th, the Ballad Concerts at the Royal Victoria Hall will commence with a Monster Concert in aid of the funds for the purchase of Vauxhall Park as an open space for the people. Madame Antoinette Sterling and other eminent artistes have promised to give their services.

## "BOOKS" OF THE PLAY

IT may be as well to state that, beyond a quasi-similarity of title, the present paper has no reference whatever to the subjects so ably treated by the late Mr. Dutton Cook in his excellent work, the "Book of the Play." My object is merely to jot down, for the benefit of those curious in such matters, a few bibliographical gleanings, in almost every instance from materials in hand, respecting the first appearance in print of the most popular dramatic productions published during the last half-century. Fifty years ago, with very few exceptions—one of them being *Paul Pry*, which remained for a long time in manuscript—every piece performed was immediately printed in one form or other, and consequently obtainable without difficulty; the MS. system prevailing to a great extent in our own day not having yet come into fashion. The latter plan is undoubtedly profitable to authors as a safeguard against piracy and a protection of their rights; but it is none the less a loss to the reading public, who are thus debarred from the enjoyment of renewing their acquaintance with many a charming comedy or interesting drama which may have delighted them on the stage.

It must not, however be supposed that because a piece has been published, it is on that account easily procurable; on the contrary, a considerable number of those printed within the above-named period have long since, from one cause or another, totally disappeared from the market, and may almost be said to rival in rarity an original copy of Dickens's *Strange Gentleman*, once priced a shilling, and now worth at the very least seven guineas. Of some of these, which have attained prices immeasurably above their intrinsic value, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and hope thereby to furnish a "wrinkle" or two to collectors of this particular speciality, who are far more numerous than is generally imagined.

The first theatrical production I ever purchased, and still possess, was a copy of the *Battle of Waterloo*, that famous stock-piece of Astley's, written, as the title-page informs me, by a Mr. Amherst, and published by Duncombe on anything but superfine paper, with the addition of a folding coloured frontispiece representing the death of the Duke of Brunswick. I cannot say much for it either from an artistic or typographical point of view; but it suffices to remind me of two very curious histrionic types, Gomersal as the snuff-taking Napoleon, and Herring as Molly Maloney. I am not aware if *Mazepa*, another idol of my youthful days, ever saw the light in a printed form; but, if so, I never succeeded in getting a sight of it.

Duncombe's shop was in Middle Row, Holborn, now a "memory;" he was an enterprising publisher in a small way, but some of the productions issued from his emporium, such as an unsavoury memoir of Madame Vestris, afterwards, I believe, suppressed at the instance of the lady herself, were decidedly objectionable, and ultimately brought him to grief. A more harmless undertaking was a tolerably extensive series of plays, among which were many of the earlier works of Jerrold, such as *The Rent Day*, *The Schoolfellows*, *Beau Nash*, and *The White Milliner*; the frontispieces were by Finlay, "after drawings made in the theatre."

This collection, however, was far inferior to that of Cumberland, which comprised not only the standard plays of the last and present centuries, but also most of the important works of contemporary writers; each piece was preceded by critical remarks signed "D. G." (George Daniell, author of "Merrie England in the Olden Time"), and illustrated by an engraving after Robert Cruikshank, or by a portrait of some celebrated actor or actress. As Mr. Godfrey Turner truly observes in his most interesting reminiscences, "These portraits are among the rarest of book-plates now hunted by the collectors of theatrical likenesses;" and when in proof state are really gems of engraving. By some regrettable oversight of the editor or publisher, the portraits of the subjoined celebrities, besides others I cannot at present call to mind, are not included in the collection; namely, those of Yates, Wrench, Mrs. Glover, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Waylett, and Mrs. Keeley. Of the latter delightful actress, indeed, no engraved portrait worthy of the name exists; this is the more unaccountable, as there are several excellent ones of "little Bob," whereas his wife was incomparably the cleverer of the two.

Some of Cumberland's and Duncombe's pieces have been reprinted in the collection commenced by T. Hailes Lacy, and continued, as every one knows, or ought to know, by his successor, Mr. French. Lacy was an intelligent man, and took a genuine interest in everything connected with the drama; his valuable stock of books and prints, sold after his death, realised a considerable sum. I never saw him on the stage, but from all accounts he seldom rose above mediocrity; he married Miss Cooper, an actress of some repute at Covent Garden, and (I think) at Sadler's Wells.

Another theatrical publisher of my early days was John Miller, who, when I knew him, lived in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; he was the hero of an amusing anecdote recorded by Planché in his "Recollections," the unfortunate victim quizzed by Liston in Leicester Square as "the man who don't like tripe." He started two editions of plays, one a trifle smaller than the other, both of which are now extremely rare; they include many very popular pieces, such as Buckstone's *Uncle John* and *Nicholas Flam*, *Perfection* (Mrs. Waylett's great triumph), *Monsieur Jacques*, Oxenford's *My Fellow Clerk*, Peake's *Climbing Boy* (in which John Reeve, as the crossing-sweeper, Jack Ragg, introduced his never-to-be-forgotten "One-Horse Shay"), and one of Planché's prettiest comedies, *The Court Beauties*, in which Hooper, as the Merry Monarch, appeared accompanied by two spaniels of the true King Charles's breed, belonging to Madame Vestris.

Under the title of "Popular Dramas," by John Baldwin Buckstone, three volumes of that prolific writer's works, beginning with *The Wreck Ashore* and ending with *Abelard and Héloïse* (seventeen pieces in all), were published in 1835 by Strange, Paternoster Row. A portrait of the author, by Maclise, forms the frontispiece to the first volume, and most of the pieces are illustrated with engravings designed by Kenny Meadows. Strange also published a certain number of Haynes Bayley's farces, including that great Olympic success, *One Hour*; many of these have not, to my knowledge, been reprinted, and are seldom, if ever, to be met with.

I doubt if many persons possess a complete collection of "Webster's Acting National Drama," consisting of eighteen volumes, the first number of which is the *Two Figaros* (1837), and the last (No. 207), the *Fast Family*, an adaptation of Sardou's *Famille Benoiton*, played at the Adelphi, in which I saw Paul Bedford—then a sad wreck, both mentally and bodily—for the last time. The earlier volumes contain seven well-engraved portraits of dramatists and actors, and other illustrations; but towards the close of the publication the engravings show a decided falling-off, and are very poor. This collection comprises a great variety of excellent pieces, among the best-known of which are the following, not, I believe, to be had in any other form; the *Bottle Imp*, *Rory O'More*, Buckstone's *Single Life*, *Green Bushes*, and *Flowers of the Forest*, *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, *Used Up*, and many capital farces, such as the *Bengal Tiger*, *Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell?* *Shocking Events*, *But However*, *How to Settle Accounts With Your Landlady*, and the *Irish Li n*, one of the last and drollest creations of Tyrone Power. Two pieces in this collection are exceedingly scarce, each fetching as much as from fifteen shillings to a pound, namely, the *Camp at Chobham*, an *apropos* of no great merit, and *One Touch of Nature*. It may be as well to mention that, in order to render the series complete, *Brian Borohome*, from Lacy's edition, must be added; that play having been announced as forming part of Webster's collection, although, for some reason or other, it never

appeared. From the excessive rarity of several pieces in this edition, I should be inclined to estimate the value of the eighteen volumes at twelve or fifteen guineas.

Fifty years ago, one of the dingiest shops in Holywell Street was occupied by a bookseller named Berger, who did a thriving trade both wholesale and retail, in periodicals of every description. Piles of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby" were exposed for sale on his counter, and went off, as he graphically expressed it, "like hot rolls." He published a considerable number of plays by Planché, Fitzball, and Maddison Morton, as also did Pattie, then established in Brydges Street, Covent Garden. The latter's successor, Barth, continued the same line of business, and many years later took up his quarters in a court leading out of Bow Street, where he adopted the specialty of making up sets of different collections, and, for all I know to the contrary, may still be doing so at the present day.

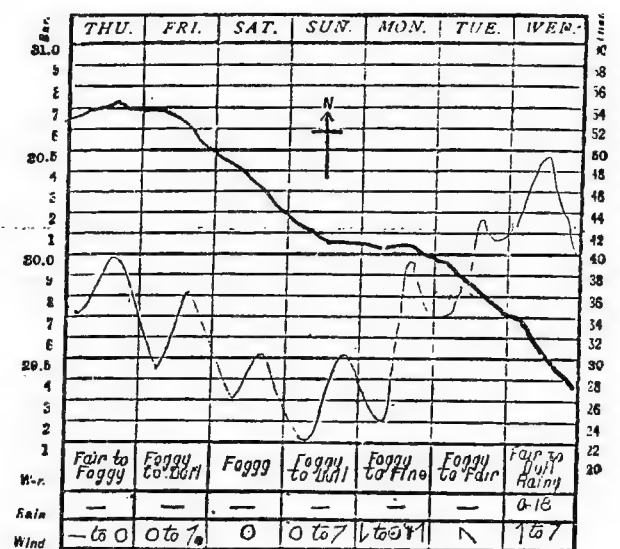
The late Lord Lytton's dramatic works were originally published by Saunders and Otley, and those of Talfourd by Moxon; these, however, as well as the plays of Sheridan Knowles, have been frequently reprinted, and are easily procurable. Douglas Jerrold's *Bubbles of the Day* and *Prisoner of War* were published by How and Parsons, but his more recent productions were issued at the *Punch* office; *Two Loves and a Life* (Tom Taylor and Charles Reade) bears the name of Bentley (1854) on the title-page; and Shirley Brooks' *Creole*, dated 1847, was "printed for the author." Many other pieces of the same period were published by Fairbrother, or by the Nassau Press.

*London Assurance*, printed for the author in 1841, and dedicated to Charles Kemble, was sold by Andrews, one of the trio of fashionable booksellers then flourishing in Old Bond Street; the others were Hookham and Ebers, the latter of whom was succeeded in the business by his son-in-law, William Harrison Ainsworth, who, however, soon abandoned it for the more profitable occupation of romance-writing. Boucicault's comedy had a large sale, and reached a second edition in less than a fortnight; it has now become very scarce, and I strongly recommend any of my readers who may be fortunate enough to discover a copy not to miss the opportunity of securing it. They may not have the chance again.

C. H.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1889.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (9th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During the greater part of this week the weather has been very dull and cold over the major portion of the United Kingdom, with dense fogs over England, but towards the close of the time unsettled conditions with rain spread in from the Westward over nearly the whole country. At the beginning of the period pressure was highest over the Southern parts of our Islands and North Germany, while it was lowest in the extreme North of Norway. Fresh to strong winds from between South and South-West were experienced over the Northern Coasts of Ireland and Scotland, with dense overcast skies and mild weather, while over the South of England Easterly breezes were felt, and thick fogs were very prevalent, with decidedly cold weather. Over Central Ireland the weather was fine but very cold. Between Friday (4th inst.) and Sunday (6th inst.) the highest pressures steadily moved Eastwards, while the lowest were still shown over the North of Norway. No material change, therefore, was observed in the winds or the weather either in the North or the South, except that the frosts in the South-East of England became rather more intense. By Monday (7th inst.) the distribution of pressure showed that a large depression was lying out in the Atlantic, and the gradients for Southerly winds, which had become established over the Western half of our Islands, sharpened considerably, and spread over the whole country. Strong winds or gales were felt at most of our Western Stations, and as the mild air and rain, which at first set in over Western Ireland spread Eastwards, the fog and sharp frosts which had prevailed over England for some time past rapidly gave away. At the close of the week pressure was lowest off the Hebrides, and (in a secondary depression) over Wales, with strong Westerly breezes in the South, and Southerly or South-Easterly winds of varying strength elsewhere; the sky was mostly overcast, and rain was falling at a few stations. Temperature has been slightly below the average in Scotland, but considerably so over the East and South-East of England. Maxima did not rise above 30° on Saturday and Sunday (5th and 6th inst.), over the inland parts of England, while the minima over the same area and on the same days showed as much as 13° of frost at one or two places.

The barometer was highest (30.73 inches) on Thursday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.36 inches) on Wednesday (9th inst.); range 1.37 inch.

The temperature was highest (49°) on Wednesday (9th inst.); lowest (22°) on Sunday (6th inst.); range 27°.

Rain fell on one day only Wednesday (9th inst.) to the amount of 0.18 inch.

**FEMININE SHOOTING-MATCHES** are quite the fashion at Secunderabad, Bengal. Ladies are anxious to learn how to utilise the pistol and rifle in order to be on the safe side against native treachery if quartered up-country in any out-of-the-way district.

**THE DESCENDANTS OF THE "BOUNTY"** MUTINEERS now inhabiting Norfolk Island are winning fame in Australia as the manufacturers of guava jelly. A quantity sent over to the Sydney Exhibition was so appreciated that the colonists are likely to find jelly-making a profitable industry.

**TIBET** is again to be attempted by an enterprising French traveller. M. Joseph Martin will shortly lead an expedition to Central China and the unexplored regions of Eastern Tibet for exclusively scientific research, intending to rely chiefly on a native escort. M. Martin expects to be away three years. He made most successful explorations four years ago in Eastern Siberia.

**A NOVEL MODE OF ADVERTISING** was recently adopted by a theatrical company in Baltimore. They served subpoenas on a large number of people, summoning them to appear as witnesses in a case of the State against two burglars at a certain house in a certain street. The documents seemed perfectly genuine till the receivers found that the given address was that of the theatre, where the case referred to was set forth in a sensational drama.



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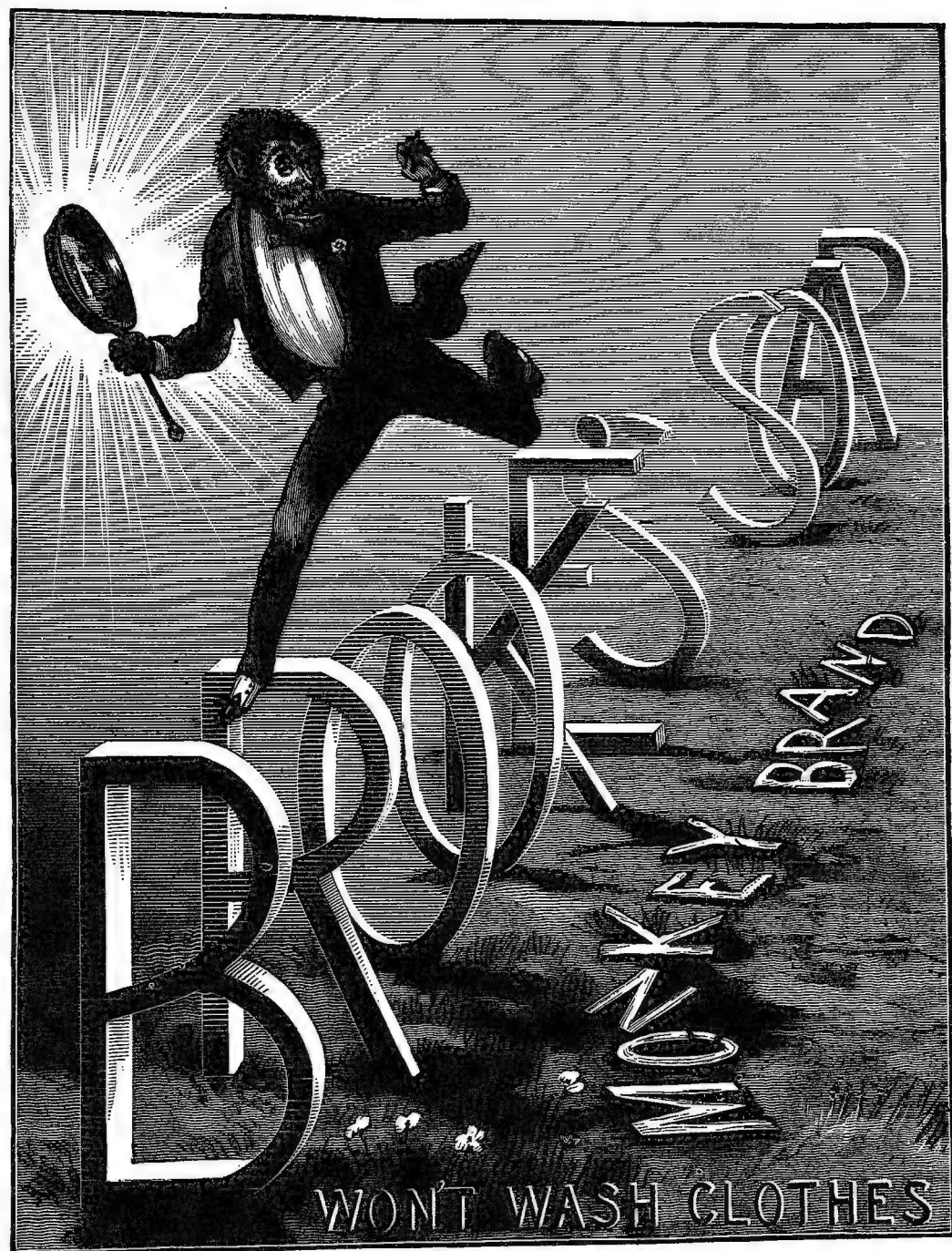
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# THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

WRITTEN BY T. P. M. BETTS, AND ILLUSTRATED BY P. RENOUD

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC is not only an early pioneer among municipal training schools for the musical art which, borrowing one of many good ideas from the Continent, we are beginning to establish over the country; but also, although it is now little more than eight years old, and taking as a basis of calculation the number of pupils instructed within its walls, it is already by far the largest Academy of Music in the whole world. It was established by the Corporation of London on (as we shall presently show) a very modest scale in September, 1880, with sixty-two pupils. Yet, at the close of the eighth year, which ended in mid-December, no fewer than 3,014 girls and boys of all classes were actually receiving musical instruction from one or another of the splendid staff of professors over whom Mr. Henry Weist Hill so ably presides; and we understand that the term now commencing will see the number of students increased to 3,500. Nor must it be understood that the school curriculum is confined exclusively to music. The young lady who, in our first illustration, appears to be denouncing with such vehemence some imaginary wrong committed by the interested, though otherwise innocent, individual leaning against the grand pianoforte, is not in earnest; although if it would appear she were, the fact would merely give emphasis to the excellence of the instruction at this institution. The gentleman, in short, is Mr. Alfred Nelson, professor of elocution, who naturally is infinitely delighted with the spirited manner in which he is denounced by his pupil as the most de-pi-cable of all stage ruffians. Unfortunately, the Guildhall School of Music, like all other Musical Conservatories in this country, possesses no theatre, and accordingly the art of operatic acting, in which young English vocalists proverbially are deficient, cannot be taught. Certain parents, it appears, have an objection, the reasons for which can perfectly be understood, to seeing their daughters associate with those intended for operatic life, and until this feeling be overcome—and it is not likely that it will so be—or at any rate until a special school for the opera be established—and Sir Polydore de Keyser, the late Lord Mayor, is Chairman of a Committee which proposes to found one—students will be obliged to pick up what stage-business they can from an experienced elocutionist. French, German, and Italian are, of course, absolute necessities to a vocalist, and, at the Guildhall School, the classes in those subjects are directed severally by M. de Fontanier, Herr Leopold Goldschmidt, and Baron Enrico Celli. But the rules of the School provide that languages are only taught as an addition to a musical education, and that no pupil who has not entered for some branch of music can be received for foreign tongues.

It will be interesting to sketch the ordinary academic life of one or other of the three thousand students at the Guildhall School. In the first place they have to be nominated by an Alderman or a Member of the Court of Common Council, although it is only fair to say that, in this respect, little or no difficulty has ever arisen. But the idea is kept strictly in mind that the Guildhall School, which is largely subsidised by the Corporation, is founded mainly for the proper tuition in music of the citizens of London, their wives and families, and hence the nomination, though little better than a mere matter of form, is always insisted upon. The student, being duly nominated, is requested to attend for a preliminary examination before Mr. Weist Hill, the Principal. Our second illustration on the first page gives a very fair idea of a party of young ladies who are waiting either for examination or for the arrival of their Professor. The first lady, counting from the left-hand, under the "Notice to Professors and Students," is obviously a violinist, the second is a pianist, the little girl is another violinist, and the fourth lady, at whose foot the artist has signed his name, is probably a vocalist. One after the other is called into the Principal's room, and in a very few minutes Mr. Weist Hill is easily able to determine in what grade the new comer is to be placed. If a



"THRICE PERJURED VILLAIN!" (ONLY AN ELOCUTION LESSON)

beginner, she will probably be passed into the junior grade, where inexpensive masters will teach her for fees which vary from 1/10s. to 2/4s. per term of twelve weeks, "Second Studies" (if, for example, a singer wishes to learn accompaniments, or a pianoforte pupil to study singing or harmony), being a guinea or two a term extra. If she be better than a junior, but not sufficiently advanced to enter for finishing lessons, she will pay an intermediate rate; while the most advanced of all pay only 3/3s. for a dozen lessons of twenty minutes each from the greatest masters in the land. This plan, so fair to the pupils, is almost a peculiarity of the Guildhall School of Music. At the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, on the other hand, there is only one scale of fees, the probationer who is taught by an elementary master paying precisely the same amount as the artist about to enter the profession, and now only taking finishing lessons. The old plan, which simply means that the juniors are contributing largely to the cost of the education of the seniors, was felt by the business-men who have from time to time acted on the "Ward Committee" of the Common Council to be unfair to beginners, and, accordingly, at the Guildhall School each student is asked to pay only the money's-worth of the lessons actually given and received.

The Principal having decided upon the grade of the pupil, she is free to select any master she pleases who in that particular department may happen to have leisure. For example, the children who figure in the illustration at the top of the second page of this Supplement happen to be very clever and advanced children. But to

whatever grade they were rated, they would have a list placed before them, stating that Mr. A. had vacancies between 11 and 11.20 A.M. on Mondays, Mr. B. between 2.40 and 3 P.M. on Tuesdays, Mr. C. between 4.20 and 4.40 P.M. on Wednesdays, and so forth. They can thus (of course, under proper and well-defined restrictions) select the professor of their choice, while at most other English Academies of Music the master is, willy nilly, allotted without reference to the wishes of the student at all. The Guildhall plan was considered fairer by the Ward Committee, and most people of sense will agree with them. Our second illustration at the foot of the second page of this Supplement shows a pianoforte lesson being given by one of the most eminent of the Guildhall School Professors. We refer to Herr Ernst Pauer, and, if the opinion may be permitted as between writer and draughtsman, the artist has been remarkably successful in catching that peculiar aspect of mingled ability, patience, and kindly exercised authority which those personally acquainted with him are aware are distinguishing characteristics of that gifted master. At the top of the third page we have a picture of apparently the same student in repose, listening peradventure to that earnest counsel which is so precious to Herr Pauer's pupils. It would perhaps be mere pleasantry to suggest that the artist's attention has been caught by a pretty face and figure, to which a delightful attitude has lent additional charm. But, at any rate, the Guildhall School authorities would probably be the first to protest that the pose in question is, on the part of the lady, but momentary, and that the brief twenty minutes or half-an-hour spent in lesson-giving does not

NOTICE  
TO  
PROFESSORS & STUDENTS  
THE NEXT TERM  
WILL COMMENCE ON  
MONDAY, SEPT. 26<sup>th</sup> 1889  
NO FURTHER NOTICE WILL BE



LADIES IN WAITING





THREE JUVENILE PRODIGES

afford much time for pretty portrait-sketching. At the foot of the third page the smaller cut represents a young lady who has finished her lesson; and her comically dejected look, which must move any but the stony heart of a music-master, would seem to indicate either that she had been admonished not to neglect her practice, or (as the students are very properly invited to remain in the class-room to listen to the succeeding lesson, from which they also might gather valuable hints) it is quite possible that she has heard a rival possessed of a better voice or greater talent. The larger picture at the foot of the third page represents Signor Li Calsi, who is one of the leading professors of the pianoforte, and not a teacher of singing, as the open mouth of his pupil, who is probably stricken with admiration of her master's performance, would seem to imply. Signor Li Calsi, however, as we all know, was once conductor at the opera, and he is probably as good and as experienced a judge of the voice as of pianoforte-playing itself. Even apart from those distinguished teachers we have mentioned, the Guildhall School of Music boasts probably the largest musical professorial staff in the world. There are nine professors of harmony and composition, among them Mr. Banister, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Henry Gadsby, and Mr. Silas. There are thirty-four teachers of singing, among whom Mr. Welch, the most successful and the chief, died a short time since, although there are left such men as Messrs. Cummings, Visetti, Walker, Walworth, Hermann Klein, Gustave Garcia, W. H. Thomas, Holland, De Lara, Latter, Wilford Morgan, Boulcott-Newth, and Montem Smith. There are no fewer than forty-three professors of the pianoforte, including Messrs. Ganz, Banister, Cusins, Berger, Pauer, Gadsby, H. F. Frost, J. F. Barnett, Wilfred Bendall, Calkin, Charles Gardner, Kemp, Li Calsi, Ridley Prentice, Richter, Wingham, Ebenezer Prout, and Silas. Three teachers of the organ, one of the harmonium, three of the harp, ten of the violin (including Messrs. Carrodus, Doyle, Palmer, Hollander, and Sainton), one of the viola, two of the violoncello (Messrs. Edward Howell and Libotton), and one each of the double bass, guitar, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, ophicleide, and trombone make up a most imposing list. At the head of the whole as to

musical management is the principal, Mr. H. Weist Hill, a gentleman whose experience has extended to both hemispheres. He was the first to play Mendelssohn's violin concerto in the United States, was director of the Symphony Concerts at the Alexandra Palace, and of those financed by Madame Viard Louis at St. James's Hall, was for many years leader, and conductor at the Opera, at promenade and chamber-music concerts and a leading violinist at the Musical Festivals. He thus has every detail connected with the practical business of music at his fingers' ends. Head of the administration under the Ward Committee is the secretary, Mr. Charles P. Smith, every inch of him a man of business, combining in the happiest manner the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, and, possessed of that marvellous gift of methodical arrangement which suffices to prevent any of that friction which in so gigantic an enterprise might, under less wise guidance, speedily place upwards of three thousand pupils and more than one hundred masters at loggerheads. And if there is any one in the school more popular than either of these two gentlemen, it is the lady superintendent, Mrs. C. P. Smith, who is the universal counsellor, comforter, and friend to any of the two thousand girls attending there weekly who may need her help, and who, with the keenest contempt for mere nonsense, has the warmest heart and a womanly tact in the multifarious instances in which her aid or sympathy is required.

It is now advisable to speak of the Guildhall School of Music itself, of its almost accidental origin, and of the wonderful manner in which it has so quickly surpassed even the wildest dreams of the enthusiasts who founded it. The real start was made in January, 1879, when Mr. Weist Hill founded the Guildhall Orchestral and Choral Society, an amateur body which occasionally gave performances at the Guildhall and elsewhere. But long before that period two restless spirits, Mr. John Cox and Mr. John Bath, had agitated in the Common Council for a recognition on the part of the Corporation of London of the necessity for teaching music to the citizens. It is not desirable to refer particularly to all the resolutions which were passed or rejected, nor to the numerous references made to various Committees. It will suffice to say the matter began to assume definite shape soon after the Prince of Wales had in 1875-6 sent a message to the Lord Mayor, inviting the aid of the Corporation in the foundation of the National Training School for Music at South Kensington, in which His Royal Highness took the liveliest interest. The Corporation accordingly subscribed liberally to the new Institution, and also appointed a "Deputation," to wait upon the Prince, and generally to further the interests which His Royal Highness had at heart. The progress of the National Training School, however, did not satisfy many of the citizens of London, and their judgment was so far endorsed that, as we know, the affair was subsequently wound-up, and the successful Royal College of Music was started instead.

Meantime the friends of music in the Common Council pegged away at the idea, which now presented itself to their minds with ever-increasing force, that the City ought to have a School of Music of its own. A few of the Councillors were disposed to throw cold water on the scheme, but at last the "Music Deputation," which had already been appointed to look after the City's interests at the National Training School, were, on the 19th June, 1879, requested "to consider if there be any demand for musical education in the City of London, such as exists at the West End of London, and the best mode of supplying such education." In March, 1880, the "Deputation" duly reported. They had no doubt that a demand for musical education did exist. The establishment of the Guildhall Orchestra and Choir under Mr. Hill was sufficient proof of that, and besides, on all hands, they found persons "desirous to attain in a higher degree the knowledge and exercise of the practice and principles of musical science, so as to execute well, and to comprehend fully, the works of the great masters." It will thus be observed that from the outset the Guildhall School of Music was founded less for the purpose of showering new professors upon the world, than to teach amateurs how to "execute well and comprehend fully" classical and other master-pieces, and thus to increase audiences. For it is a well-known fact that there exists no greater musical enthusiast, and no more frequent visitor to the best concerts, than the amateur who, having some knowledge of the art, can "comprehend fully" the works produced, and can take an intelligent interest in the manner of their performance.

In another passage of their report, the "Deputation" indicated a further strong *raison d'être* of the projected school, and unconsciously they prophesied one of the main reasons which have won for it success. They pointed out that, hitherto, in London good tuition was very costly, "and the result has been that many persons are employed in teaching, who may have some facility in the exercise of the manual part of that so-called profession, and but little, if any, in the fundamental principles of the art they profess to teach." In short the new school was intended and destined to strike a mortal blow at the often (but not always) half-competent suburban instructor, who offered eight or a dozen music-lessons for a guinea. In the new school first-rate and thoroughly qualified professors had agreed to co-operate at a very low price. The teacher at the new school would be on the spot, his pupils would come to him, and he would thus not lose time in driving about from house to house lesson-giving. Furthermore, he could make no bad debts, and altogether he could well afford to give tuition at a central institution at half the price he would be compelled to charge for private lessons. The result has proved the correctness of this surmise, for although the fees paid by pupils are extremely moderate, yet a few of the professors at the Guildhall School of Music earn 1,000*l.* a year, while several earn 500*l.* a year and upwards, from this one academy alone, and the total pay-list to the professors at the Guildhall School in the aggregate largely exceeds 20,000*l.* per annum.

The Common Council ultimately accepted the report of its "Deputation," granted 350*l.* as a beginning, and lent nine rooms in an empty wool-warehouse in Aldermanbury as temporary premises. Mr. Weist Hill was appointed Principal, and in a modest way the School started in September, 1880.



HERR ERNST PAUER DETECTS A WRONG NOTE





ONE MINUTE'S REST

with 62 pupils. The public took to the new idea from the very first. By the end of the year 1880 the school boasted 216 pupils and 29 professors. By the end of 1881 there were 907 students and 58 professors. The thing had by that time grown too unwieldy for a "Deputation" to manage, and a Ward Committee was appointed, one or more members being selected from each of the Wards into which the City of London is divided. By the end of 1882 there were 1,430 students and 75 professors, by the end of 1883 1,854 pupils and 83 professors, and by the end of 1884 2,314 students and 82 professors. There are now over 3,000, and nearly 3,500, pupils.

The wool warehouse in Aldermanbury before long proved too small and too inconvenient for the purposes of the Guildhall School of Music. The class rooms had been carved out of the warehouse proper, and were separated by mere lath and plaster, with glass partitions at the top. The Babel of sounds was simply deafening, and it often keenly aroused the ire of some of the foreign teachers. Rehearsals had to be held at the City of London School, organ lessons were given at a church in Aldermanbury, and an unfortunate gentleman student of the trombone was chased about from room to

room until life grew as great a burthen to him as he unwittingly was making their lives a burthen to others.

Resolutions were, therefore, introduced in the Common Council for the erection of a suitable school. The proposal was stoutly contested by some who had conscientious objections to the employment of the City's cash (primarily, perhaps, intended for the purchase and consumption of the succulent turtle) for the purposes of musical education. But the majority of the Court thought otherwise, and in July, 1884, a joint committee was appointed to consider details. In March, 1885, they reported in favour of the Victoria Embankment site, which was accordingly adopted, the School paying 1,100*l.* a year ground rent and the Corporation voting 20,000*l.* cash for the building. It was afterwards resolved to use Portland instead of Bath stone, and this, together with furniture, fittings, &c., ran the bill up to 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.* more. The foundation-stone was laid in July, 1885, and by the end of 1886 the building was finished, and was opened to the students at the beginning of 1887.

The new Guildhall School of Music, if it only possessed a concert room, fitted with a large organ and a portable stage (for which, however, the 8,000 feet of space which the house occupies does not suffice), would be a model building for its purpose. It is centrally situate, and is almost next door to the City of London School at the Blackfriars' end of the Victoria Embankment. It is thus within two or three minutes' walk of Ludgate, Blackfriars, and the Temple Stations, and within a minute of two of the most important metropolitan omnibus routes. As seen from the Embankment the School is partially hidden by the red-brick building of Zion College, but, as a river frontage is not needed for a purpose of this sort, its position does not greatly signify. It is surrounded on three sides by open streets, while in the rear, separating it from the "extra" printing-office of the *Daily Telegraph* (built and completely furnished by the proprietors of that paper, but to be used only in case the Fleet Street office should ever catch fire and imperil the bringing out of the journal) is a small strip of land which has recently reverted to the Corporation, and would, of course, be just the very thing for the much-needed concert-room. The school in its exterior has no pretensions to great architectural beauty. Sir Horace Jones, who designed it, intended the building for use rather than for ornament. The whole is a square of three lofty floors, with a half basement. On the ground floor are the principal's and secretary's offices, a committee-room, and so on, and, on the basement are lavatories and cloak-rooms, besides a large and comfortably-furnished Common Room for the professors, where any of those gentlemen who may happen to be in waiting for pupils can obtain a cup of coffee, and read or chat. On the first floor is a ladies' drawing-room. All the rest of the apartments on the first and ground floors and basement are class-rooms. Of these there are altogether forty-five, so that under the system of twenty minutes for actual instruction, and forty minutes for listening to other people being taught, three lessons can be given in each per hour, the school accommodation providing for no fewer than 135 lessons per hour. Every class-room is separated from the next by a foot of solid concrete, in order as far as possible to deaden the sound, while double doors shut off the noise from the

corridors. The rooms are simply but solidly furnished with carpets, half-a-dozen chairs, a portrait of some eminent composer, and a clock.

Most of the rooms intended for pianoforte-teaching have two pianos, one a grand, and the



SIGNOR LI CALSI SHOWS HOW THE PASSAGE SHOULD BE PLAYED



LESSON TIME OVER. MISERY ME!



other an upright, used for concerted music. In the singing class-rooms is usually found an upright.

On the present page of this Supplement will be found a drawing of one of those class-rooms, which a lady pupil is just entering for her singing lesson. The windows of this room look out on to the back of the Royal Hotel, and Mr. Holland, a favourite teacher, is seated at the piano giving a lesson. One peculiarity will be specially noticed. The upper half of each of the double doors opening on to the corridor is made of glass, this device being adopted partly as a protection to the professors against hysterical girls, partly to reassure naturally anxious parents.

On the second floor the rooms are put to more diversified uses. A portion of the space is occupied as private apartments by the Resident Secretary, the Corporation thus enjoying the advantage of having a responsible officer always on the spot. At the rear is an organ-room, and there are class-rooms for harmony lessons, for sight-singing, and a library. In front is the practice-room, a lofty apartment, originally designed for a concert-room, but afterwards found too small for the purpose. This place is in one respect almost unique. Well nigh the whole of the floor space is occupied by a gigantic orchestra, which ascends half-way up the walls, the steps being unusually steep in order that every performer can see the conductor. It is here that once a week two or three hundred young people assemble to practice orchestral music under the experienced guidance of Mr. Weist Hill, who has around him the largest and certainly one of the best students' orchestras in London. A stringed band and a students' choir also meet here, for when the pupils give an oratorio or any other concert at the Mansion House or the Guildhall they take pride in inviting no assistance from outside the walls of the School.

Fortnightly concerts are likewise given either in the practice-room or in the great hall of the City of London School adjoining, and these every student is permitted to attend without charge, in order that the young people may become familiarised with music in all its forms. In the practice-room, too, frequent classes are held for the study of trios, quartets, and quintets, and pianoforte concerted music in conjunction with stringed instruments. In all, since the Guildhall School of Music started in the last quarter of 1880, upwards of 180 gratuitous concerts, &c., have been given, and have been attended by nearly a quarter of a million students and their friends.

During the past year or two Mr. Hill has also started another excellent feature in school tuition. Every professor in turn is invited to give a lecture upon the subject he knows best, or, if he prefer it, a pianoforte recital interspersed with critical, analytical, and historical remarks. These entertainments take place about once a week, and they appear to greatly interest the students, who are of course admitted to them without charge, at any rate to the utmost capacity of the room. The lectures have been found to provoke a healthy and honourable emulation among the professors, altogether apart from the value attaching to the matured remarks of men of wide and varied experience and talents. The subjects selected (and the professors are left pretty free to choose their own) are not always dogmatic or dull. One of the teachers recently gave a most amusing series of imitations of mistakes which in all stages of their education are most commonly made by pianoforte students. Not only was this notion quaintly original, but with its exquisite mixture of humour and mild satire the lecturer indicated in the most forcible manner the pitfalls which were to be avoided, and fairly delighted every pupil who heard him. Another professor also recently secured a Tschudi harpsichord, and played Bach's Fugues first upon the instrument of the period at which they were composed, and, afterwards, on a Broadwood grand. This, of course, formed a peg upon which to hang a brief but clear history of the development of the modern pianoforte. Other teachers treat of historical matters and indeed the range of subjects available is so wide as to be almost illimitable. Others again confine themselves to recitals, at which the students are able to hear music more or less out of the usual school curriculum, and where it is often amusing and always interesting to watch the master suddenly stop at a difficult passage in order to indicate the best manner of fingering it. As each professor's turn to deliver one of these lectures cannot very well occur more frequently than once in every two or three years, the tax upon his patience is not great, and the labour is always most cheerfully undertaken.

Early in the history of the Guildhall School of Music the necessity was felt of offering some exhibitions to deserving pupils who needed pecuniary help. Although the fees were already low (they average in the intermediate grade 3s. 6d., and in the highest grade 5s. 3d. per lesson of twenty minutes for the principal study, and 1s. 9d. per lesson for second studies), it was found that some young people of undoubted talent could not afford to pay them. One poor girl is now earning a good living, and is fast rising in her profession, so it would hardly be good taste to mention her name. Her parents, it seems, were in a humble position, and the girl used to bring her money in every imaginable coin from shillings down to farthings. At length there was no money at all, and this promising young artist was in danger of being obliged to give up. Luckily, her case happened to meet the ear of a benevolent alderman, who made no difficulty in putting down the whole of the small amount necessary for the rest of her education. This was only one of many examples of a similar character. The Corporation of London therefore contribute 200l. a year, and forty young people are at the present time being wholly or partially taught out of this amount. The Salters' Company have likewise given twenty guineas, and the Merchant

Tailors 20l. a year, Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons present a pianoforte, and Alderman Cowan, Mr. Samuel Montagu, M.P., Miss Goff, Lady Jenkinson, and Mr. W. Webster, jun., give various amounts. The list ought certainly to be increased, particularly by the great City Companies, who are probably unaware of the vast amount of good to be done in this direction at a very small cost. In all, eighty-two past and forty-four present students have held exhibitions during the eight years that the school has been opened, and many of the young people have done themselves and their professors infinite credit. Stringent regulations are framed to prevent these exhibitions from passing into unworthy hands, and among others it is provided that nobody over twenty-three years old, or who has not been a year in the school, shall be eligible for an exhibition at all, and that every exhibition shall be held only for a year, its renewal depending upon the progress which the pupil has made.

No one who may happen to pass along the Embankment at almost any hour in the day in term-time can fail to be struck by the enormous number of young ladies carrying either violins or music-rolls, passing in and out of the great front doors of the building. The burly hall-porter, who says his genial "Good afternoon, Miss," day after day, to upwards of a couple of thousand young ladies, has probably as wide an experience of the infinite variety of feminine walking costumes, and of pretty girlish faces, as

previously been catered for by any of our existing great Academies of Music, will be as obvious as the good it is likely to effect.

The enormous success to which the Guildhall School of Music has, in so short a time, attained, will suggest the question, "Why should it not be one among a number of similar institutions, on of course a smaller scale, in almost every important city and town in the country?" At one or two centres we believe that music schools, partly subsidised by the Municipalities, have already been tried, and there has been a talk of similar attempts in Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool. In Germany and France the local Conservatories are almost all subsidised from Municipal sources. In England the cost would not greatly exceed the rent of the building and preliminary expenses, such as furniture, musical instruments, &c. For the very principle of the whole affair lies in the fact that the professors take all the students' fees less five per cent, or so deducted towards expenses, and that the school should be almost self-supporting. Nor need such a school, if projected in the Provinces, arouse any local jealousies, for the professors employed would necessarily be the pick of the local men, who, like their London brethren, will find it remunerative to take lower fees for the sake of giving all lessons under one roof.

It should in fairness be said that the Guildhall School of Music owes a great part of its success to the loyal co-operation of every

member of the staff. This is one result of a perfectly equitable system of management, in which any suspicion of favouritism or prejudice is rendered almost impossible, and in which every man knows perfectly well that he will meet with nothing but just and fair treatment. The Principal himself, who has the difficult and often delicate task of sitting as judge over all the little troubles that may occur, and acting as chief of a band of upwards of a hundred professors of various nationalities, is respected and beloved for his possession of all those qualifications of good-nature, sound discrimination, firmness, and indisputable ability, which mark the born ruler of men.

Yet although apparently an autocrat, even he himself is responsible to the thirty-five members of the Music Committee. Disputes, however, rarely if ever arise, and the professors of the Guildhall School form one of the happiest of happy families. As to the pupils, every precaution is taken for their protection and comfort, and that the efforts of the authorities are appreciated the enormous dimensions which the students' roll has reached will bear eloquent testimony.

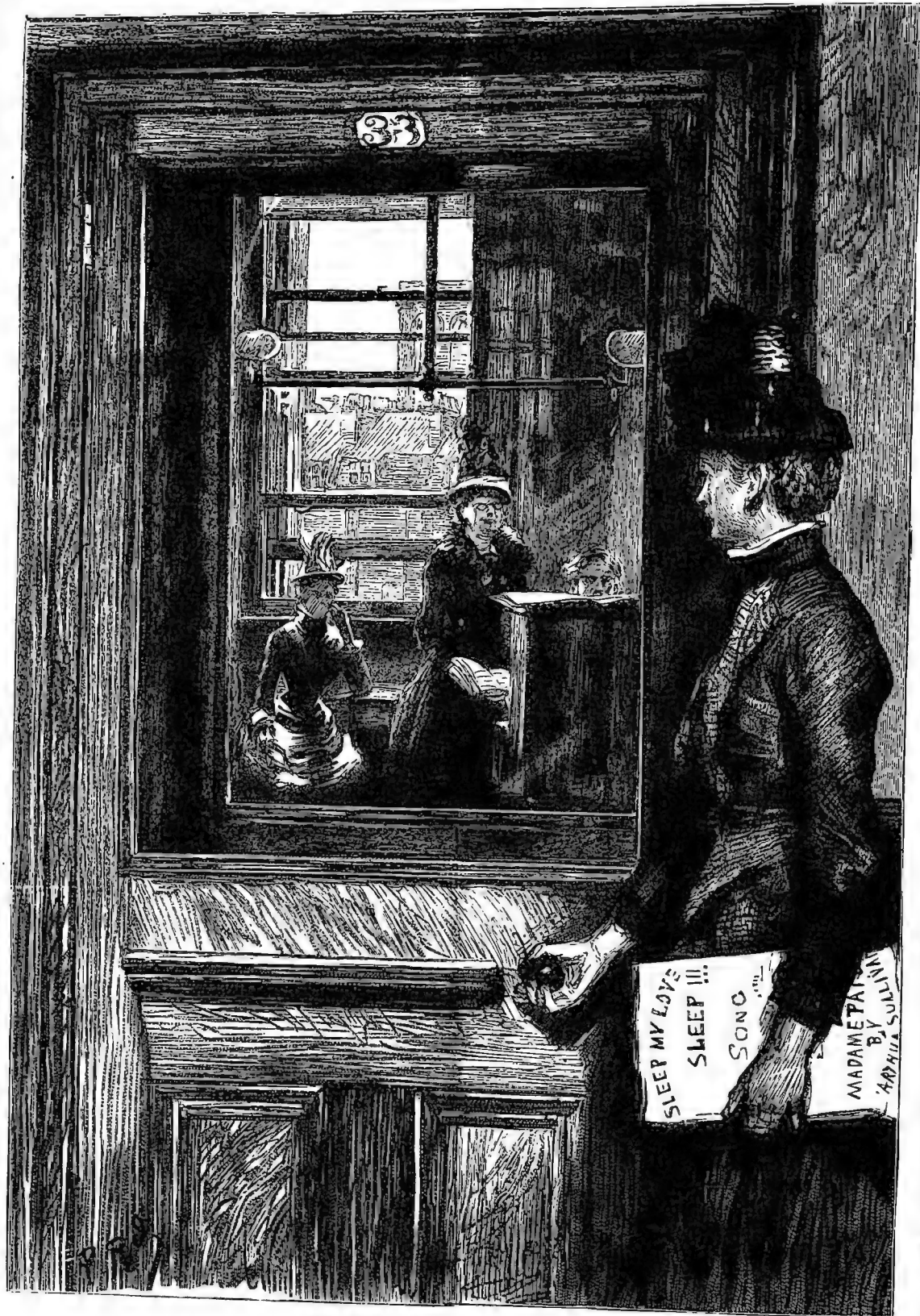
The fact cannot too strongly be insisted upon that the Guildhall School of Music in no way seeks rivalry with the Royal Academy or the Royal College of Music to the detriment of either. Indeed, as a matter of truth, both Institutions have flourished more since, than before, the Guildhall School became a power in the land.

The work the City undertakes is supplemental to that of a merely professional school. Of course, there are some among the thousands of young people passing through the Guildhall classes who possess exceptional talent, and eventually join the profession. But while the great institutions at South Kensington and at Tenterden Street lay themselves out almost exclusively for the training of public performers and professional teachers, the Guildhall is mainly a school for amateurs.

We may of course regret the fact that it has necessarily more or less damaged the profession of the finishing governess and of the suburban teacher. But this was unavoidable directly parents discovered how for a moderate cost they might at the Guildhall School secure for their children instruction which they could be sure was efficient, while previously they either had no such assurance at all, or could be pretty certain that the tuition left a good deal to be desired. The school does infinite good in widely increasing the love of music, for music is an Art which the more it is known the better it is appreciated. Your amateur who attends a concert before he has learned his notes cannot derive a tenth part of the exquisite enjoyment afforded by music to the trained ear.

It used to be a reproach—not a very fair nor a very true one—that although the English might have a natural and a born affection for music, yet their very lack

of all knowledge of the art prevented them from becoming a musical nation; in the sense that the Germans, who are regularly taught music in every normal school, could be described as a nation of musicians. The more, therefore, the amateur element is cultivated and trained, the greater must necessarily be the demand for musical compositions and musical performances. Even from the sordid view of commerce, a cultured amateur spends money which, if he knew nothing of his subject, the pianoforte and musical instrument maker, the publisher, the composer, the shop-keeper, and the vocalist, pianist, bandsman, or other public performer, must inevitably lose. And when, apart from all this, we acknowledge the refining influence which a love of music has upon the character and the disposition, its power to make men and women happy, its tendency to fill the mind with all that is good and beautiful, and when we take into consideration the fact that music is essentially a home amusement, and one in which both sexes participate, with the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of expense, no one will grudge the 50,000l. which, from first to last, the Corporation of London have so generously expended upon their Music School, and the 2,000l. which they annually contribute towards its maintenance. Assuredly, considering the mighty interests involved, and the vast amount of good that has been done, no money was ever more economically nor more usefully spent.



THE GLAZED DOOR OF A CLASS-ROOM

any man in England. He would be an individual to be envied, were it not that he appears to take the situation phlegmatically, as a mere matter of course, and as all in the way of business. But when the afternoon has passed, the school doors are besieged by a totally different class. The Guildhall authorities have wisely always kept in view the fact that their Music School is intended primarily for the citizens of London. Until this institution was established, there was a large and most deserving body of music-lovers who were wholly neglected. The vast number of young men employed in offices and in commercial establishments in the City of London have no leisure to prosecute their musical studies until after five or six o'clock in the evening, and hitherto they had to depend upon musical instructors who were not seldom very inefficient, and often extravagantly costly. The Ward Committee, therefore, resolved to continue the classes at the Guildhall School of Music till half-past eight at night, and even later, and some hundreds of young men have taken the opportunity to prosecute their studies in an art which boasts such ennobling influences. Harmony classes are carried on some evenings till eight o'clock, sight-singing classes, under Mr. W. Henry Thomas, are held every Friday between six and eight, elocution classes on Fridays till 9'30, and French classes on Tuesdays till 8 P.M. The usefulness of this evening instruction, reaching, as it does, a portion of the community who had not





DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL

The girl, poised in a picturesque attitude, with her arm on the ledge of the little domed tomb, stood by expectant.

## “THE TENTS OF SHEM”

By GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF “THIS MORTAL COIL,” “THE DEVIL’S DIE,” &C.

### CHAPTER III.

#### BY MOORISH MOUNTAINS

A WEEK later, preparations were complete. The tent had been arranged for mountain travelling; a folding-bed had been set up for the lodger’s accommodation; stores had been laid in from that universal provider of Algerian necessities, Alexander Dunlop, in the Rue d’Isly; a Mahonnais Spaniard from the Balearic Isles had been secured as servant to guard the camp; and Blake and Le Marchant, on varying ends intent, had fairly started off for their tour of inspection through the peaks and passes of the Kabylean Highlands. The artist’s kit included a large and select assortment of easels, brushes, pigments, canvas, pencils, and Whatman’s paper; the naturalist’s embraced a good modern fowling-piece, an endless array of boxes for skins and specimens, and a fine collection of butterfly-nets, chloroform bottles, entomological pins, and materials for preserving birds, animals, and botanical treasures. Le Marchant, as the older and more experienced traveller, had charged himself with all the necessary arrangements as to packing and provisions; and when Blake looked on at the masterly way in which his new friend managed to make a couple of packing-cases and a cork-mattress do duty for a bedstead, at the same time that they contained, in their deep recesses, the needful creature comforts for a three months’ tour among untrodden ways, he could not sufficiently congratulate himself upon the lucky chance which had thrown him on

the balcony of the Club at Algiers that particular afternoon, in company with so competent and so skilful an explorer. He had fallen on his feet, indeed, without knowing it.

A lovely morning of bright African sunshine saw the two set forth in excellent spirits from the hotel at Tizi-Ouzou, the furthest French village in the direction of Kabylie, whither they had come the previous day by diligence from Algiers, to attack the mountains of the still barbaric and half-unconquered Kabyles.

“Are the mules ready?” Le Marchant asked of the waiter at the little country inn where they had passed the night, as he swallowed down the last drop of his morning coffee.

“Monsieur,” the waiter answered, wiping his mouth with his greasy apron as he spoke, “the Arabs say the mules will be at the door in half an hour.”

“The Arabs say!” Le Marchant repeated, with an impatient movement of his bronzed hand. “In half an hour, indeed! The sloth of the Arab! I know these fellows. That means ten o’clock, at the very earliest. It’s now seven, and unless we get under way within twenty minutes, the sun’ll be so hot before we reach a resting-place, that we shall deliquesce like Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs in ‘The Vicar of Wakefield.’ I’ll go out and hurry them up, Blake, with a little gentle moral suasion.”

Blake followed his host curiously to the door, where half-a-dozen ragged Orientals, picturesquely clad in a costume about equally

divided between burnouse and dirt, were sprawling at their ease on a heap of soot dust in the full front of the morning sunshine.

“Get up, my friends,” Le Marchant cried aloud in excellent Arabic, for he was a born linguist. “If the mules are not ready in five minutes on the watch I hold in my hand, by the beard of the Prophet, I solemnly tell you, you may go every man to his own home without a sou, and I will hire other mules, with the blessing of Allah, from better men than you are to take us on our journey.”

Blake did not entirely understand colloquial Arabic when rapidly spoken—in fact, his own linguistic studies stopped short suddenly at his mother tongue, and so much French in the Ollendorffian dialect as enabled him to state fluently that the gardener’s son had given his apple to the daughter of the carpenter—but he was greatly amused to see the instantaneous effect which this single sonorous sentence, rolled quietly but very firmly out in distinct tones, produced upon the nerves of the sprawling Arabs. They rose from the dust-heap as if by magic. In a moment all was bustle, and turmoil, and confusion. The tent and beds were hastily laden with infinite shrieks on the patient mules; boxes were strapped on with many strange cords and loud cries of “Arri!” to the backs of donkeys; arms and legs were flung wildly about in multitudinous gesticulations of despair and inability; and before the five minutes were fairly over by that inexorable watch which Le Marchant held with stern resolve before him, the little cavalcade started off at a trot



in the direction of the still snow clad summits of the nearer Djurjura.

It was a quaint small caravan, as it mounted the hillside. The two Englishmen rode unburdened mules; the ragged Arabs, bare-foot and melting, ran after them with shouts of guttural depth, and encouraged the pack-beasts with loud jerky remonstrances—"Oh, father of fools, and son of a jackass, will you not get up and hurry yourself more quickly?"

"Where are we going?" Blake asked at last, as the high road that had conducted them for a mile from Tizi-Ouzou dwindled down abruptly near a steep slope to a mere aboriginal Kabyle mule-track, beset with stones, and overhung by thickets of prickly cactus.

"How should I know?" the naturalist answered, with a vague wave of the hand. "We're going to Kabylie. That's enough for the moment. When we get there, we'll look about for a suitable spot, and pitch our tent wherever there's a patch of smooth enough ground for a man to pitch on. 'Sufficient unto the day' is the explorer's motto. Your true traveller never decides anything beforehand. He goes where fate and fortune lead him. What we both want is to explore the unknown. We'll make our head-quarters within its border, wherever we find a convenient resting-place."

"Are the Kabyles black?" Blake ventured to ask, with a side-long look; unburdening his soul of a secret doubt that had long possessed it.

"Oh dear no, scarcely even brown," Le Marchant answered. "They're most of them every bit as white as you and I are. They're the old aboriginal Romanised population—the Berbers, in fact—driven up into the hills by the Arab invasion in the seventh century. Practically speaking, you know, Jugurtha and Masinissa and Juba were Kabyles."

Blake had never heard of these gentlemen's names before; but he veiled his ignorance with an acquiescent "Really!"

They rode on, talking of many things and various, for two or three hours, under the brilliant sunshine. But all the way as they rode, they were mounting steadily, by devious native tracks, steep and picturesque, just broad enough for two mules to mount abreast, and opening out at every step magnificent views over the surrounding country. To right and left stood several white villages perched on spurs of the mountain tops, with their olive groves, and tombs, and tiny domed mosques; while below lay wooded gorges of torrent streams, overhung and draped by rich festoons of great African clematis. Blake had never travelled in the South before, and his artist eye was charmed at each turn by such novel beauties of the Southern scenery.

"This is glorious," he cried at last, halting his mule at a sudden bend of the track. "I shall do wonders here. I feel the surroundings exactly suit me. What could be more lovely than this luxuriant vegetation? I understand now those lines of Tennyson's in the 'Daisy.' So rich. So luscious! And look, up there on the mountain side, that beautiful little mosque with its round white dome, embowered in its thicket of orange trees and fan-palms! It's a dream of delight. It almost makes a man drop into poetry!"

"Yes, it's beautiful, certainly, very, very beautiful," Le Marchant replied, in a soberer voice, glancing up meditatively. "You never get mountain masses shaped like these in the cold North; those steep scarped precipices and jagged pinnacles would be quite impossible in countries ground flat and worn into shape by the gigantic mangle of the Great Ice Age."

"The great what?" Blake asked, with a faint tingling sense of doubt and shame. He was afraid for his life that Le Marchant was going to be horribly scientific.

"The Great Ice Age—the glacial epoch, you know; the period of universal glacier development, which planed and shaved all the mountain heights in Northern Europe to a common dead-level."

"I never heard of it," Blake answered, shaking his head, with a blush, but thinking it best at the same time to make a clean breast of his ignorance at one fell swoop. "I . . . I don't think it was mentioned in my history of England. I'm such a duffer at books, you know. To tell you the truth, I understand very little, except perspective. I've read nothing but the English poets; and those I've got at my finger-ends; but I don't remember anything in Milton or Shelley about the Great Ice Age. My father, you see, was a painter before me; and as I began to show a—well, a disposition for painting very early, he took me away from school when I was quite a little chap, and put me into his own studio, and let me pick up what I could by the way; so I've never had any general education at all to speak of. But I admire learning—in other fellows. I always like to hear clever men talk together."

"The best of all educations is the one you pick up," Le Marchant answered, kindly. "Those of us who have been to schools and universities generally look back upon our wasted time there as the worst-spent part of all our lives. You're crammed there with rubbish which you have afterwards to discard in favour of such realities as those you mention—perspective, for example, and English literature."

As he spoke, they turned sharply down to a rushing brook by a Kabyle village, where two or three tall and lissome native girls, fair as Italians, or even as Englishwomen, in their simple and picturesque Oriental costume, were washing clothes at a tiny ford, and laughing and talking merrily with one another as they bent over their work. The scene irresistibly attracted Blake. The garb of the girls was, indeed, most Greek and graceful; and their supple limbs and lithe natural attitudes might well arouse a painter's or a sculptor's interest.

"By Jove!" he cried. "Le Marchant, I should like to sketch them. Anything so picturesque I never saw in my life before. 'Sunburnt mirth,' as Keats calls it in 'The Nightingale.' Just watch that girl stooping down to pound a cloth with a big round stone there. Why Phidias never imagined anything more graceful, more shapely, more exquisite!"

"She's splendid, certainly," the naturalist answered, surveying the girl's pose with more measured commendation. "A fine figure, I admit, well propped and vigorous. No tight-lacing there. No deformity of fashion. The human form divine, in unspoiled beauty, as it came straight from the hands of its Creator."

"Upon my word, Le Marchant," the painter went on enthusiastically, "I've half a mind to stop the caravan this very moment, undo the pack, unroll the papers, and get out my machinery on the spot to sketch her."

Maturer years yielded less to the passing impulse of the moment. "I wouldn't if I were you," the naturalist answered more coolly. "You'll see lots more of the same sort, no doubt, all through Kabylie. The species is probably well diffused. You can paint them by the score when we reach our resting-place."

As Blake paused, irresolute, the girls looked up and laughed good-humouredly at the evident admiration of the two well-dressed and well-equipped young infidels. They were not veiled like Arab women: their faces and arms and backs were bare, and their feet and ankles naked to the knee; for the old Berber population of North Africa, to whose race the Kabyles of Algeria belong, retain unchanged to this day their antique Roman freedom of manners and intercourse. The girls' features were all of them pretty, with a certain frank and barbaric boldness of outline. Though shy of strangers, they were clearly amused; the one who had attracted their special attention looked almost coquettishly across at Le Marchant, as he turned his beast with sterner resolve up the slope of the mountain.

"They're splendid creatures," the naturalist said, looking back a little regretfully, while they rode up the opposite side, and left the brook and the girls for ever behind them. "That sort of face certainly lives long in one's memory. I immensely admire these free children of nature. Just watch that girl coming down the hillside yonder now with her pitcher on her head—how gracefully she poses it! how lightly she trips! What freedom, what ease, what untrammelled movement!"

"By George, yes," Blake answered, taking in the scene with his quick, artistic glance. "It's glorious! It's splendid! From the purely æsthetic point of view, you know, these women are far better and finer in every way than the civilised product."

"And why from the purely æsthetic point of view alone?" his companion asked, quickly, with a shade of surprise. "Why not also viewed as human beings in their concrete totality? Surely there's something extremely attractive to a sympathetic mind in the simplicity, the *naïveté*, the frank and unpretentious innate humanity of the barbaric woman."

"Oh, hang it all, you know, Le Marchant," the artist expostulated in a half-amused tone. "They're all very well as models to sketch, but you can't expect a civilised man to be satisfied permanently—on any high ground—with such creatures as that, now."

"I don't exactly see why not," Le Marchant answered seriously, gazing down once more from the zigzag path on the laughing group of barefooted Kabyle girls, with their smooth round arms and their well-turned ankles. "Humanity to me is always human. I've lived a great deal among many queer people—Malays and Arabs and Japanese, and so forth—and I've come in the end to the modest conclusion that man, as man, is everywhere man, and man only. Emotionally, at least, we are all of one blood all the world over."

"But you couldn't conceive yourself marrying a Kabyle girl, could you?"

"As at present advised, I see no just cause or impediment to the contrary."

Blake turned up his eyes to heaven for a moment in mute amazement.

"Well, I'm not built that way, anyhow," he went on, after a pause, with a certain subdued sense of inward self-congratulation. "I, to herd with narrow forehead, vacant of our glorious gains, Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains! No, thank you. For my part, I agree with the poet. I count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child. None of your squalid savages for me. If ever I marry, which I hope I shall be able to do some of these fine days, the girl I marry must be at least my equal in intellect and attainments—and that, bar painting, she might easily manage in all conscience; but for choice, I should prefer her to be highly-educated—a Princess Ida sort of a woman."

"Then, I take it, you admire these new-fashioned over-educated epicene creatures," Le Marchant interposed, smiling.

"Well, not exactly over-educated, perhaps," Blake answered, apologetically (he was too much overawed to handle *epicene*) "but, at any rate, I like them thorough ladies, and well brought up, and as clever as they make them."

"Clever. Ah, yes! That's quite another thing. Cleverness is an underlying natural endowment; but crammed; no, thank you, not for me, at any rate!"

They paused for a moment, each pursuing his own line of thought unchecked; then the painter began again, in a musing voice, "Did you happen to see in the English papers, before we left Algiers, that a Girton girl had just been made Third Classic at Cambridge?"

"I did," Le Marchant answered, with a touch of pity in his tone; "and I was heartily sorry for her."

"Why sorry for her? It's a very great honour!"

"Because I think the strain of such a preparation too great to put upon any woman. Then that's the sort of girl you'd like to marry, is it?"

"Well, yes, other things equal, such as beauty and position, I'm inclined to think so. She must be pretty, of course, that goes without saying—pretty and graceful, and a lady, and all that sort of thing—one takes that for granted; but, given so much, I should like her also to be really well educated. You see, I've never had any education to speak of myself, so I should prefer my wife to have enough of that commodity on hand for both of us."

"Quite so," Le Marchant answered, with a faint smile. "You'd consent to put up, in fact, with a perfect paragon, who was also a Girton girl and a Third Classic! I admire your modesty, and I hope you may get her."

A fork in the road, with the practical necessity for deciding which of the two alternative tracks they should next take, put a limit for the moment to their conversation.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ENTER A HEROINE

"WHICH way shall we go?" Blake asked, halting his mule for a second where the paths divided.

"I leave these questions always to the divine arbitrament of my patron goddess," Le Marchant answered lightly, tossing a sou, and little knowing how much his future fate depended upon the final decision. "Let chance decide. Heads, right! tails, left! The heads have it. Hi, you, Ahmed or Ali, or whatever your blessed name is," he went on in Arabic, to the men behind, "do you know where this path on the right leads to?"

"To the mountain of the Beni-Merzoug, Excellency," the ragged Arab nearest his mule made answer, respectfully. "It's a good village for you to stop at, as Allah decrees. The Beni-Merzoug are the most famous makers of jewellery and pottery among all the Kabyles."

"That'll just suit our book, I say," Le Marchant went on in English, translating the remark in the vernacular to Blake. "Chance, as usual, has decided rightly. A wonderful goddess. To the Beni-Merzoug let it be at once then. And he pocketed the sou that had sealed his fortune. Oh, fateful sou, to be gilt hereafter in purest gold, and worn round fair lady's neck in a jewelled locket!"

They mounted still, past rocky ledges, where hardly a goat could find a dubious foothold, but where Kabyle industry had nevertheless sown pathetic plots or strips of corn or cabbages—for is there not pathos in ineffective labour?—till they came at last, late in the afternoon, to a grey old village, grimly perched on the summit of a minor mountain. "These are the Beni-Merzoug," the Arabs said, halting their mules in a line at the entry of the street. "Here the track stops. We can go no further."

"Let's look about for a spot to pitch our tent upon then," Le Marchant exclaimed, as they unloaded their burden. "No easy job hereabouts, either, I should say. On the desert, one had always the embarrassment of riches in that respect; here, on these rugged rocky slopes, it would be hard to find ten square yards of level ground anywhere."

Nevertheless, after a quarter-of-an-hour's diligent search, not unembarrassed by the curiosity of the Kabyles as to the new comers, a spot was found, close by the village headman's house, in the shadow of a pretty little white-domed tomb, overhung by ash-trees, from whose spreading boughs the wild vine drooped in graceful tresses. It seemed to Blake the absolute ideal summer camping-place. Around, great masses of tumbled mountains swayed and tossed like the waves of a boisterous sea; below, deep ravines hung in mid-air, with their thick covering of Mediterranean pine and evergreen oak and Spanish chestnut; while above, in the distance,

the silent white peaks of the snowy Djurjura still gleamed and shimmered, high over the hill-tops, in the evening sun. The painter could have stood and gazed at it for hours, but for the need for action; it was with an effort that he turned from that lovely prospect to bear his part in the prosaic work of tent-pegging and unpacking for the evening's rest.

By this time a noisy crowd of Kabyles from the village had gathered round the spot selected by the visitors, and begun to canvass in eager terms the motive of their visit and the nature of their arrangements. The natives were clearly ill-satisfied at their choice. Le Marchant, though a tolerable Arabic scholar, knew not one word as yet of the Kabyle language; so he was unable to hold any communication with the men, who themselves were equally guiltless for the most part of either French or Arabic. It was evident, however, that the Kabyles as a whole regarded their proceedings with extreme distaste, and that the headman of the village and a girl by his side, who seemed to be either his wife or daughter, had considerable trouble in restraining this feeling from breaking out into acts of open hostility.

The girl, in particular, at once arrested both the young Englishmen's passing attention. It was no wonder if she did. So glorious a figure they had seldom seen. Tall and lithe, with strong and well-made limbs, she seemed scarcely so dark as many English ladies, but with a face of peculiar strength and statuesque beauty. In type, she was not unlike the merry Kabyle maiden who had looked up at them and laughed as they passed the washing place by the torrent that morning; but her style was in every way nobler and higher. The features were bold and sculpturesque and powerful; serene intelligence shone out from her big eyes; she looked, Le Marchant thought, as a Spartan maiden might have looked in the best days of Sparta—as free as she was supple, and as strong as she was beautiful. At first, while the earlier preparations were being made, she hung aloof from the new-comers as if in speechless awe; but after a short time, as the crowd around grew less unruly and boisterous, and the attempts at intercommunication began to succeed, she approached somewhat nearer, and, equally removed from coquetry or boldness, watched their proceedings with the utmost interest.

At the outset, while the Spaniard and the Arabs helped in the work of setting up camp, conversation between the new-comers was carried on almost entirely in pigeon French. And of French, even in its pigeon variety, the girl was clearly quite ignorant.

"*Vous ne parlez pas Français?*" Le Marchant asked her, tentatively.

But the Kabyle maiden shook her head with a vigorous dissent, and put her finger to her mouth in sign of silence. So he turned away, and went on with his unpacking, while the girl, poised in a most picturesque attitude, with her arm on the ledge of the little domed tomb, stood by expectant, with a mutely attentive face, or made some remark now and again, in a low voice, to her fellow countrymen, who stood aloof in the distance. They seemed to treat her with unusual respect, as a person of some distinction. No doubt she must be the headman's wife, Le Marchant thought, from the tone of command in which she spoke to them.

"Hand me that rope there, quick," the naturalist called out at last, in English to Blake. "Look sharp, will you? I want to fasten it down at once to this peg here."

The beautiful Kabyle girl started at the words in the most profound surprise; but, to Le Marchant's astonishment, rose up at once, and handed him the rope, as though it was her he had asked for it, without a moment's hesitation.

"Curious how quick these half-barbaric people are to understand whatever one says to them in an unknown language," Le Marchant went on, in a satisfied tone, to his English companion. "This girl snapped up what I meant at once by the inflexion of my voice, you see, when I asked you for the rope, though I never even pointed my hand towards what I wanted."

"I can talk like that myself," the girl answered quietly, in English almost as good as Le Marchant's own, though with a very faint flavour of liquid Oriental accent. "I heard you ask for the rope, and I fancied, of course, you were speaking to me, and so I gave it to you. But I thought," she added, with much natural dignity, "you might have asked me a little more politely."

If the girl was surprised to hear Le Marchant, Le Marchant, in turn, was positively thunderstruck to hear the girl. He could hardly believe the direct evidence of his own ears.

"Do they speak with tongues in these parts?" he cried, amazed; "or has much wandering made me mad, I wonder? Come over here, Blake, and explain this mystery. This lady positively answered me in English."

"We speak with our tongues, of course," the girl went on, half angrily, misunderstanding his old-fashioned Scriptural phrase, "just the same as you and everybody else do. We're human, I suppose; we're not monkeys. But, perhaps, you think, like all other Frenchmen, that Kabyles are no better than dogs and jackals."

She spoke with pride, and fire flashed from her eyes. She was clearly angry. Le Marchant thought her pride and anger became her.

"I beg your pardon," he went on in haste, very deferentially raising his hat by pure instinct, for he saw that without any intention of his own he had hurt her feelings. "I really don't think you quite understood me. I was surprised to find anybody speaking my own tongue here so far in Kabylie."

"Then you aren't French at all?" the girl asked, eagerly, with a flush of expectation.

"No, not French—English; and I'm sorry I seemed, against my will, to annoy you."

"If you're English we're friends," the girl answered, looking up at him with a flushed face, as naturally as if she had met with stray Englishmen every day of her life. "It was my father who taught me to talk like this—I loved my father—and he was an Englishman."

Le Marchant and Blake both opened their eyes together in mute astonishment.

"And what's your name?" the painter ventured to ask, half dumb with surprise, after a moment's pause.

"My name's Meriem," the girl replied, simply.

"Meriem! Ah, yes, I dare say; that's Kabyle. But your father's?"

"My father's was Yusuf."

"Yusuf?" Le Marchant cried. "Why Yusuf's not English! The English for that, you know, is plain Joseph. Was your father's name Joseph somebody?"

"No," the girl answered, shaking her head firmly. "His name was Yusuf. Only Yusuf. His Kabyle name, I mean. An! mine's Meriem. In English, Yusuf used always to tell me, it's Mary."

"But your surname?" Le Marchant suggested, with a smile at her simplicity.

Meriem shook her head once more, with a puzzled look. "I don't understand that, at all," she said, with a dubious air. "I don't know all English. You say some things I don't make out. I never heard that word before—surname."

"Look here," Le Marchant went on, endeavouring to simplify matters to her vague little mind. "Have you any other name at all but Meriem?"

"Yes, I told you—Mary."

"Ah, of course. I know. But besides that again. Think; any other?"

The girl looked down with a bewildered glance at her pretty bare



feet. "I'm sure I can't say," she said, shaking her head. "I never heard any."

"But your father had! Surely he must have borne an English name. You must have heard him say it. He's dead, I suppose. But can't you remember?"

"Yes, Yusuf's dead, and so's my mother, and I live with my uncle. My uncle's the *amine*, you know, the head of the village."

And she waved her hand toward him with native gracefulness. "Well, what was your father's English name?" Le Marchant persisted, piqued by this strange and unexpected mystery, "and how did he come to be living here in Algeria?"

"He had an English name, a sort of a double name," Meriem answered, dreamily, after a moment's pause, during which it was clear she had been fishing with small success in the very depths of her memory. "It was Somebody Something, I remember that. He told me that English name of his, too, one day, and begged me never to forget it. It was to be very useful to me. But I never, never told it to anybody on any account. It was a great secret, and I was to keep it strictly. You see, it was so long ago, more than three years now, and I was so little then. I've never spoken this way, ever since Yusuf died, before. And I've quite forgotten what the name was that he told me. I only remember his Kabyle name, Yusuf, and his French one, of course—that was Joseph Lehouillier."

"What? he had a French name, too?" Le Marchant cried, looking up in fresh surprise.

"Oh yes, he had a French one," Meriem answered quietly, as if every one might be expected to know such simple facts. "And that, of course, was what they wanted to shoot him for."

(To be continued)



THAT ingenious and accomplished critic, Mr. William Archer, set himself a curious task when he undertook to cross-question a number of actors and actresses upon the mechanism of their art. It would not be difficult to make fun of some of Mr. Archer's questions, but that was so often done when the articles of which "Masks or Faces?" (Longmans) is composed first appeared in *Longman's Magazine* that on this occasion we would rather look at the serious side of the question. Mr. Archer was led to make his inquiries after the recent discussion between Mr. Irving and M. Coquelin on the old question as to whether or not actors should actually experience the emotions they have to depict. The discussion between the emotionalist and the anti-emotionalist schools in acting is as heated as that between the realistic and idealistic schools in painting. As far as we know, Mr. Archer is the first man who has attempted to discuss the matter with evidence before him, instead of, like Diderot in his "Paradoxe sur le Comédien," arguing it on purely *a priori* grounds. The actors responded to Mr. Archer's questions with great readiness, and we have in this book a very valuable body of testimony on such subjects as crying upon the stage, laughing, blushing, perspiring, and so on. Other things are dealt with besides the mimetic side of the actor's business, and several of the actors and actresses have replied to questions which go deep into the psychology of their art. On the whole, in Mr. Archer's view, the balance dips deeply towards the emotionalist view, and the evidence of many of our first living actors and actresses bears out his contention, that the actor who does not feel his part while he is playing it will not make his audience feel it. Mr. Archer's book, it need scarcely be said, is lucid and original. In the literature of the stage it must certainly take a high place.

"Kensington: Picturesque and Historical," by the Rev. W. J. Loftie (Field and Tuer), is so admirable a work that it is difficult to do it full justice in a brief review. Firstly, it is a fine specimen of the art of book-production. It is of a convenient size; the binding, though plain, is solid and in excellent taste; the printing is perfection; and the paper, which is thick and highly glazed, was made especially to set off the excellent drawings by Mr. W. Luker, jun. These drawings show versatility of draughtsmanship, and considerable executive skill. Scarcely one is weak in drawing, and Mr. Luker seems equally at home in landscape, architecture, and the figure. The drawings were all "engraved," says a publishers' note, in Paris by Chs. Guillaume et Cie. "Engraved" is not the proper word to use, since not one of the illustrations has been cut on wood, steel, or copper: they are all "process" blocks. Pity as it is that London publishers, if they want to illustrate a book magnificently, should have to go to Paris to get the work done, the result is undeniably excellent. None of the illustrations have the pith and vigour of wood-engravings; but wood-engravings would have been at least four times more expensive. We presume the work was printed in England, and, as every one knows, the printing is all important with such blocks as these. The effect in almost every case is admirable. Some of the views in Kensington Gardens are almost perfect in their reproduction of sunlight and shadow; and the architectural drawings are in most cases as good. No better illustrated book has been issued in London for a long time. If we thus dwell upon the "get-up" of the book it is not because Mr. Loftie's letterpress is not well worth study. Author and artist have worked well together. Mr. Loftie's account of Kensington is certainly the fullest and best since the publication of Faulkner's rare work in 1820. Without too deep a disquisition on ancient history, Mr. Loftie gives at least the outline of the growth of the famous parish from the earliest times. He gives a chapter to the Veres and the Manor, two more to Holland House and Old Kensington, one to the Palace and Gardens, one to the Church, and one to Modern Kensington. He identifies all the famous houses, and tells many an anecdote of the great men who lived in them. Within its limits, the work is as complete and accurate as it could be made; and by it Mr. Loftie will materially add to the reputation he earned by his "History of London."

It was a good thought of the French publishers to follow up their great book on Wagner (reviewed in these columns some year or more ago) by one on "Hector Berlioz: Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres" (Paris: A la Librairie de l'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin). Berlioz, though Wagner never admitted it, was the forerunner and inspirer of much of the "music of the future." Of all the brilliant group of artists, writers, and musicians whom we are accustomed to class together as "the men of 1830," Berlioz was perhaps the greatest genius. The world has been slow to recognise him. The fierce dislike and opposition with which his works were met, continued after his death, and, though he died in 1869, it was almost ten years later before we heard his music in England. It is curious to imagine the feelings of Berlioz could he see the magnificent volume in which, so tardily, his genius is now fully recognised and extolled. The book is admirable. All the powers of the biographer, the artist, the engraver, and the printer have been combined to produce in these four hundred pages a work which shall be a worthy monument to a great genius. The letterpress, by Adolphe Jullien, is copious, accurate, and judicious. The chief illustrations are a series of excellent lithographs after fourteen original drawings by M. Fantin-Latour. Some are allegorical, others are descriptive of the com-

poser's greatest works, but all are marked by high imaginative power and technical excellence. In the text are over a hundred engravings, and other reproductions, of caricatures, scenes from the theatre, portraits, title-pages of famous musical works, and more than a dozen portraits of Berlioz himself at different ages. The book has been produced with all imaginable care and good taste.

"A Dream of John Ball," by William Morris (Reeves and Turner), is a very beautiful book. Mr. Morris dreams, and he finds himself in the England of Richard II. He is in the thick of the great peasant revolt in Kent. With rare literary skill he brings before the reader the life of the time. The landscapes are as such as none but a poet could see, and none but an accomplished man of letters could reproduce. The talk of the common-folk, their characters and aspirations, are depicted with a dramatic power which is admirable and convincing. For pure literary excellence we can compare Mr. Morris's work in this volume only with Mr. R. L. Stevenson's pictures of the England of a hundred years later in "The Black Arrow." The dream, unlike most, has sequence and probability. John Ball harangues the people at the market-cross; Jack Straw marshals them to fight their oppressors. Only when we get to the conversation in the church between John Ball and the dreamer, in which he tries to show the Socialist priest what is the latter state of the poor of England, do we truly enter Dreamland. As to the view of Ball's character, and Mr. Morris's treatment of social problems generally, there will of course be many opinions; but as to the literary beauty of this book, and as to the earnestness of his desire to be of service to his fellows, there can be but one.

Mr. A. S. Arnold cannot, we fear, be acquitted of the charge (a grave and heavy one in these days) of flinging a quite needless book upon the suffering public. "The Story of Thomas Carlyle" (Ward and Downey) contains positively not a new fact about the great Scotchman. Mr. Arnold simply tells the story of his life from the "Reminiscences" and all the other books of Mr. Froude. But that has been done so many times before (and quite recently, and very noticeably, by Dr. Garnett, in his admirable book) that there is really no excuse for doing it again, and doing it indifferently. Mr. Arnold's purpose is entirely right. He writes to rebut the charges brought against Carlyle by persons who never understood him. He sets about his task very laboriously, and achieves it with success. Only it has all been done before—by Mr. Moncreux Conway, by Professor Masson, by many another. That Mr. Arnold's very worthy book may attract to the study of Carlyle some one who otherwise might possibly never read him, is the most that can be hoped for it. Neither as biography nor criticism can it rank high.

There is no reason why E. M. Caillard's book, "The Invisible Powers of Nature" (John Murray), should not fulfil the modest intention of its author, which is "to create in its readers a sufficient interest in physical science to lead them to the study of more advanced works on the same subject." The book is simply an elementary text-book of physical science, written in a colloquial style, free from technicalities. Mrs. (or, perhaps, it is Miss) Caillard talks about gravitation, heat, light, sound, magnetism, and so on, giving the results of all recent discovery in these various subjects. The book is simple, plain, and practical. To compare it with other similar works is quite unnecessary. It is, within its limits, well done, and it may well raise in the breast of any intelligent boy or girl into whose hands it may fall the craving for deeper knowledge.

"A Thought-Reader's Thoughts," by Stuart Cumberland (Sampson Low), is a diverting work, worth attention in an idle half-hour. Some of it has already appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, but a good deal is new. Mr. Cumberland has raised himself within the last few years into the position of an excellent showman, and of him it might be said (as of Blondin and Tom Thumb) that he has "had the honour of appearing before the crowned heads of Europe." Much that Mr. Cumberland tells us concerning his experiments with the Prince of Wales, General Ignatieff, Mr. Gladstone, Count Von Moltke, and a host of notabilities is interesting and amusing, and his explanation of "thought-reading" has some slight scientific value. When Mr. Cumberland, however, goes out of his own province he is not a little ridiculous, and he should really have thought twice before inflicting upon a very indulgent public his views on the character of Mr. Gladstone, the statesmanship of General Ignatieff, and the motives of Mr. W. T. Stead. As a public entertainer Mr. Cumberland was distinctly amusing before "thought-reading" lost its novelty; but as a writer on things in general, and a critic of eminent men, he is by no means a success. His book is carelessly printed. The chief leader of the Society for Psychical Research is Mr. Myers, and not Mr. "Myars;" and under the name "Dr. Hack Luke" few would recognise that distinguished physician Dr. D. Hack Tuke.

"Dust and Diamonds" (Ward and Downey), is the title which Mr. Thomas Purnell has given to a volume of random papers on all kinds of subjects. The essays are scarcely fair samples of Mr. Purnell's peculiar talent. They read too suspiciously like "turn-overs" to be very attractive as literature. That there is in many of the essays humour, observation, and knowledge none who know Mr. Purnell's previous work need be told. The bulk of them, however, are trivial, and in many cases not even entertaining. It would be unfair to judge Mr. Purnell by work which was evidently done merely that the pot might boil.

"Is there any Resemblance between Shakespeare and Bacon?" (Field and Tuer) is a question which the anonymous author of this book answers in a decided negative. His book, no doubt, has been called forth by the recent virulent attack on Shakespeare by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly. The writer goes over the ground with great care and sufficient knowledge. He aims at demonstrating that Bacon and Shakespeare were men of different, even of opposite, types of mind; and that even if we can suppose it possible for Bacon to have written the plays there was still no adequate motive to induce him to conceal his authorship.—"The Bacon-Shakespeare Question," by C. Stopes (T. G. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street), treats the controversy from another, and a somewhat curious, point of view. Mr. Stopes has collected with great care all the references to beer, wine, and spirits in Shakespeare's writings, and has compared them with similar references in the works of Bacon. He finds that Bacon always writes of stimulants from the scientific point of view, whereas Shakespeare looks at them mainly with regard to their action upon human beings. This radical difference in the view of alcoholic stimulants proves (where taken in connection with other considerations) that Bacon could not have written the plays of Shakespeare. So argues Mr. Stopes with much ingenuity.

"Playwriting: A Handbook for Would-be Dramatic Authors," by "A Dramatist" (*The Stage* office), is comical and shrewd. That such a book should be published at all, and that it should hope to find any sale, is itself strong testimony to the great and growing importance of playwriting as a business. The book is comical because it is so ill-written and so vulgar. But the anonymous author more than hints in several places that he is a successful writer for the stage; and as his plays, to have been successes, must be very different to his book, it seems clear that he must be assuming the cloak of vulgarity to conceal his identity from a prying public. In all essential matters the book is sound. It cannot, indeed, tell how to write a play, and it confesses as much; but it gives all the general instruction that can be given in a book, and there is no lack of advice as to what to do with your play when written. The details about rehearsals and *matinées* will probably be new to many. Some plans of a stage and views of scenery published as an appendix give aid in understanding the earlier chapters. Only in the chapters on the copyright of plays is the author untrustworthy,

and here, if we mistake not, he makes one or two capital blunders. Many will speculate as to who the writer can be who thus, with a certain careless cynicism, lets the public behind the scenes. It is not, we think, difficult to identify him as one of the youngest of our playwrights, whose successes up to the present time have certainly outnumbered his failures.

Why "M. S. C." published "The Life of Moses" (Hatchards) it is hard to understand. There is already a good life of Moses in the Pentateuch; and Dr. Routh's advice (mentioned in Dean Burgon's "Twelve Good Men") to a young inquirer as to what he should read about Christ, "read the Four Gospels," applies with even more force to the Jewish legislator. Moses's self-renunciation (page 39) is grand, but not unique; St. Paul made much the same prayer, so did St. Just; and, more lately, Millière.

In his thoughtful little book, "The Evolution of Ancient Hinduism" (Chapman and Hall), Mr. A. M. Floyer looks on vague Pantheism as the original form, out of which, through Vedantism, it grew into Buddhism. Nature worship, he thinks, cannot be traced to man's instinctive admiration and reverence. Rather was it at first a form of ancestor-worship; the deifying of a river, for instance, following on some one being drowned in it, and his personality also being after a time merged in that of the stream. When he says "the belief in the efficacy of self-torture is at least preferable to a belief in the efficacy of torturing others," Mr. Floyer scores against the Inquisition, though an Inquisitor might retort that, while the "Yogi" is selfishly securing his own salvation, he punishes others for their good. The tolerance of Hinduism appears, as Mr. Floyer notes, in the principle that, all not being born equal, the same results cannot be expected from all. That "sin is the spawn of ignorance and delusion rather than the deliberate choice of an innately vicious heart" brings us close to Plato's identification of knowledge and virtue. Mr. Floyer's best chapter concludes with an eloquent attempt to explain Nirvana.

Laying down the often-ignored definition of a plea as marked off from a discussion, Miss F. P. Cobbe, in "The Scientific Spirit of the Age," &c. (Smith and Elder), points out how three of the Essays which she has here reprinted belong to the former, three to the latter class. She pleads with Science not to deprive us of things even more precious than what it gives us; she pleads that the education of the emotions should be a paramount object; and that reformed Judaism (it is reforming) may yet solve the religious problem of the near future. Of the discussions the most popular is sure to be that on the respective delights of town and country life—a "symposium," in the slang of the day, between town and country mouse.

The Rev. C. A. Lane has completed his "Illustrated Notes on English Church History, Part 2" (S.P.C.K.), beginning at the Reformation, and coming down to our own day. Of Part 1 some forty thousand copies have been sold; not improbably the continuation (and continuity is the boast of the Anglican Church) may have a like success. The excuse for such a book is, as the author admits, "the question of cheapness." A volume like this for a shilling is something for the S.P.C.K. and the Church Defence Association alike to be proud of, as far as price goes. Not Nonconformists only, but educated Churchmen are often densely ignorant of the pivot facts; and hence on both sides a vast amount of utterly useless talk. Therefore the author of such a book should, above all things, be careful. Mr. Lane begins with Wiclif and the social state of fifteenth-century England. In his chapter on the Dissolution of the Monasteries he sharply distinguishes between the earlier houses (Benedictine, or the Augustine and Cluniac offshoots of that great Order) and the later (beginning with the Cistercian in 1129, and the Carthusian, 1181), which were directly under the Pope. Henry and his rapacious courtiers made no distinction. The peasants, who helped to destroy the buildings that they might buy the materials for nothing, soon found out their mistake. Hence risings such as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," to which Mr. Lane does scant justice. On Laud he writes with much impartiality: "It is a great mistake to suppose Laud desired to introduce novel ceremonies. . . . But it is possible to strain the law harshly; and this he undoubtedly did." We are glad he quotes Laud's reply to the charge that he had many Roman Missals: "Yes; and more Greek Liturgies, of both as many as I could get; and also the Koran in divers copies. If this be an argument, why do not they accuse me to be a Turk?" There are a few paragraphs about the new Sees, and a very little about the Church in the Colonies. On the whole, Mr. Lane, whose motto is *audi alteram partem*, is singularly fair.



IT is not every story, at any rate not every incident, which allows autobiographical treatment. An illusion has to be maintained—namely, that the story told is one which the supposed narrator could tell to the world, were he or she real. Thus the heroine of Violet Fane's "The Story of Helen Davenant" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall) would be the last person in the world to publish the story of her own mother's sin, a story which, but for her, would have remained unknown. This is a grievous blot on what is, in all other respects, a novel of exceptionally high quality, though its particular merits will not bear comparison with those of "Sophy"—one of the few modern novels which will bear reading a second time with increased pleasure—or with the more sober interest of "Through Love and War." "Sophy" will, doubtless, in due time be set in its proper place among the masterpieces of fiction—a destiny which is not reserved for "Helen Davenant," which is none the less as much above the best of most people as it is below that of Violet Fane. It may repel some readers, and attract others, to know that the plot is based upon animal magnetism, treated in a reasonable way, and not disconnected from its natural concomitants of wickedness and lunacy. Granting the conscious influence of mind over mind, there is nothing extravagant about the story, which indeed conveys a wholesome moral—that there can be no good, and much evil, in the exercise of such influence, and that the authors of laws against it as a crime, under the plain and straightforward English name of witchcraft, were not so benightedly superstitious as was imagined by the wiseacres of a generation ago. The principal male character, Prince Crezesleski, is a student of occult mysteries, who becomes mentally and morally enfeebled by the process in the inevitable manner, though to a degree which, it may be hoped, is due to the exigencies of the stronger sort of fiction. So far as the method of telling the story goes, we have nothing but praise. There is a good old word, of great critical value, though gone unaccountably out of fashion, to wit "elegance," which alone, in its proper sense, describes both construction and style. The polished severity of both gives the unperceived strength which ensures interest for almost any story: and, as a study of a woman's heart, untrammelled by the conventional traditions of fiction, "Helen Davenant" takes, like its predecessors, a very high place indeed.

When a young woman has taken upon her own shoulders the crime of the man whom she devotedly loves, has supported her self-sacrifice by perjury in the Central Criminal Court, and confirmed it by voluntarily undergoing, for his sake, five years' penal servitude and social ruin; when, moreover, her martyrdom has succeeded, and the man for whom it was borne has passed through life un-





SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY ON THE ICE



suspected and honoured—then it is impossible to conceive that this woman would blast his memory by publishing the truth of the matter to her own glory, yet this is just what Sophie F. F. Veitch makes her heroine Vera Dormer do; for her novel "The Dean's Daughter" (2 vols.: Alexander Gardner) is written in autobiographical form. Of course such an astounding want of perception of the fitness of things is fatal to anything like interest or sympathy. And, by some unconsciously natural perversity, Sophie F. F. Veitch, of course unintentionally, makes Vera the least sympathetic of all imaginable heroines—vain, vulgar, sly, and with a more than autobiographically ill-natured eye for the foibles and weaknesses of others. It is very odd that Sophie F. F. Veitch should not have seemed to see what an altogether odious heroine she was imagining. The story is well written; but the best writing in the world would fail to overcome the effect of such self-portraiture as Vera Dormer's.

This is a recognised maxim among novelists—If a plot is too grotesquely impossible even for a lunatic asylum, go to Cornwall. F. E. M. Notley, in "The Power of the Hand" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), has gone to Cornwall—further than the very Land's End of license in such matters. The basis of the story is a Crusader's curse, transmitted by his severed right hand, which subjects his descendants to hereditary and vicarious hypnotism. In this state they devote themselves to murdering the members of another family from generation to generation. This nightmare-notion is bound up with less occult, but even more melodramatic villainies; the characters are always shrieking, struggling, and otherwise behaving as nobody ever behaves out of the Cornwall of fiction; and the author's own style has the effect of a painfully sustained scream. Three volumes of this sort of stuff are, it need not be said, too many; and the worst of it is that the plot cannot be followed without strict attention and severe abstinence from skipping. There is one comfort—"occultism" has surely now said its last and its craziest word.

One might make a shrewd guess as to where Gertrude Forde, the author of "Hugh Errington" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), travelled on a very recent summer tour, and the route she followed. The novel consists principally of reminiscences of the Austrian Tyrol, the Carpathians, the Lago di Garda, and the Riviera, bound together by the usual story of the young man who, thinking himself free from an early matrimonial entanglement, of course finds himself disappointed just when he is going to marry the heroine, and, equally of course, goes off to the Soudan, and is nursed there by the girl whom he loves, and at last finds himself free to marry. All this everybody knew long ago: but Gertrude Forde makes it pleasant enough to meet old friends again.

John Francis Brewer, in his shilling story, "The Curse upon Mitre Square" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), while avoiding recent incidents, puts forth the notion that the district has laboured under a curse ever since 1530, owing to the destruction of the Church of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, which will never be removed till the church is restored. This he proves by certain ghost-stories, and further illustrates by some sketches, by a bird's-eye view of Aldgate (temp. Henry VIII.), and by some topographical and antiquarian matter, all of which may possibly prove useful to the architect to whom the work of restoration may fall.



MESSRS. REYNOLDS AND CO.—Of two songs, music by Theo. Bonheur, "Grannie's Rings," the words of which, by Arthur Chapman, are replete with pathos, is preferable to "Honor's Watchword," words by G. W. Southey. Both will please in the home circle.—There is true devotional feeling in "The Garden of Prayer," the touching words by G. Clifton Bingham, the music by Vernon Rey.—Of a pleasing but somewhat oft repeated type is "The Last Vespers," a song with a violin and organ accompaniment (*ad lib.*), words by James W. Brown, music by Cuthbert Vane.—"If You But Knew" is a pretty love-song of a conventional type, written and composed by Jetty Vogel and Oscar Verne.—Four cheerful pieces for the pianoforte, suitable for after-dinner performance, are, "Danse Impériale" and "The Merry Duchess," by E. Boggetti, "Dance of the Witches," by Theo. Bonheur, and "Golden Ferns Mazurka," by d'Auvergne Barnard.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—One of the most promising composers of the day, especially in sacred composition, is B. Agutter, Mus. Bac., Oxon.; his setting of "The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis" in the key of A flat is a musicianly work, it is intended for unaccompanied singing; the drawback to these settings, where amateur singers are concerned, is the reiteration of the A flat above the lines, which is a strain for ordinary voices.—By the above-named composer is a sequence for Easter Day "To the Paschal Victim" (*Victime Paschali*), it may be well used as an anthem for Easter.—A bright and melodious Christmas carol, "Merrily the Minster Bells," words by J. F. Waller, LL.D., and a "Sevenfold Amen" for soprano and alto voices, are also by B. Agutter.—Very appropriate for secular organ recitals are "Two Descriptive Organ Pieces" by Walter Spinney, No. 1, "Vesper Bells;" No. 2, "The Harvest Home."

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Both words and music of a sacred song, "David's Message," written and composed by Maud Hargreave and M. Wolff van Sandau, are pathetic and devotional.—"Bonnie Wee Thing," Robert Burns' tender little poem, has been set to music by Amy Elise Horrocks with a fair amount of success.—W. J. Westbrook (Mus. Doc., Cantab.) has transcribed for the organ Gabriel Groenwald's "Zuid African March" with good effect.

### THE CAPERCAILLIE

THE Capercaillie, restored to its ancient haunts, may now be heard crowing in many Scottish pine-tree plantations. The "cock of the woods," indeed, has been multiplying and increasing at such a rate during the last twenty years as to render it improbable that it will ever again become extinct, more especially as the planting of new belts of trees, among which it may obtain food and shelter, is about to be actively prosecuted by several Northern landed proprietors. Long ago the bird, although never very abundant, had a home in the woods of Caledonia; but it seems to have disappeared with the Stuart race of kings in the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The story of its rehabilitation may now be briefly told.

The first attempt made to breed the bird in Scotland was in 1827-8, at Mar Lodge, but the result was failure, because of the inadequate scale on which it was then attempted. First of all, a single cock and hen were brought from Sweden, but the hen unfortunately died on its passage to this country. Then the cock, in order to relieve its solitude, was afforded the companionship of a common hen of the barn-door kind, which laid several eggs, and these, in order to their hatching, were set under domestic fowls, but unfortunately in the end only one egg, out of several laid, produced a bird, which was no sooner hatched than it died; it was, of course, a mule, or hybrid, but with the capercaillie character very distinctly indicated. Another cock and hen were obtained from Sweden, both birds arriving safely at Braemar in January or February, 1829. The female in due time began to lay, and produced in all two dozen

eggs, only eight of which, however, could be saved for hatching, the laying bird unfortunately breaking and eating the others. Again, only one bird came to life, but died almost immediately after. Another batch of eggs, which were sat upon by the hen capercaillie instead of being placed under a domestic fowl, gave no result, being all found on examination to be barren. Further attempts yielded better results, several chickens being hatched, only, however, in the end to die; and so the attempt to introduce the bird to the forests of Braemar ended in disappointment. It is thought that the capercaillie being kept in confinement, and the disproportion of the sexes, there being two males to the one female, had much to do with the failure of the experiment.

Before the period indicated, an attempt had evidently been made to rear these birds in the county of Norfolk, but it had apparently been unsuccessful. It is to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton that the credit of the bird's restoration to Scotland is largely due. That gentleman having been for some time the guest of Lord Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle, became desirous of making some return to his lordship for the hospitality he had so much enjoyed in the North, and with that view had placed himself in communication with Mr. Lloyd, the author of the "Game Birds and Wild Fowl of Sweden," who had been endeavouring to find some nobleman or gentleman possessing an estate in Scotland willing and able to try the experiment of restoring the capercaillie to that country.

In the year 1836, the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton gave instructions to the gentleman named (Mr. Lloyd) to procure at whatever cost the requisite number of birds in order to their acclimatisation in the woods of Perthshire. To aid in selecting and bringing the birds safely to Taymouth, Sir Thomas sent his head-keeper to Sweden on two different occasions, so that particulars of the importation of the birds are not difficult to obtain, a very full account of the keeper's journey in his own words having been published. Two batches of birds were brought from Sweden, and reached their future home at Taymouth in safety; the first flock of twenty-nine birds included thirteen cocks and sixteen hens; these were followed by another batch of sixteen hens in the year following—1838, making forty-five in all, two or three of which, however, did not reach Perthshire, having been sent to Norfolk.

The restoration of the capercaillie to Scotland was now assured. By the year 1839 it was calculated that a stock of between sixty and seventy young ones had been successfully reared, and in the course of a few years the flock had become largely augmented. Great pains were taken in the beginning to ensure the hatching of their eggs, many of which had been placed under grey hens (the grey hen is the mate of the black cock). Some of the imported birds were introduced to their new homes in the following manner: they were carried out at night in closed baskets, and placed in plantations near the house, and early on the following morning, the covers of the baskets being removed, the birds were at liberty to wander about at their leisure, and become accustomed to their new home.

The exact rate at which the imported birds increased is not known to the writer of these notes. But, calculating that twenty-five of the hens would each lay ten eggs, and that eight of these each produced a fowl, we have thus two hundred in addition to the parent birds; the mortality under such circumstances being, however, always considerable, ten per cent. must be allowed under that head—which leaves at the credit of the account one hundred and eighty young capercaillie. Repeating the same figures for the second year, the flock of young ones totals up to three hundred and sixty birds, of which three hundred, including the original breeders, would be capable of breeding; let us imagine two hundred of this lot to be laying hens, and it will at once be apparent that the power of reproduction would be largely increased, taking it at the modest figure given above. By the year 1862-3, it was computed that the total number of capercaillie in the district of Taymouth would not be less than two thousand. What number of these birds may be at present in Scotland is not easy to calculate, but there can be no doubt they now number several thousands, and that they occasionally fall a prey to our sportsmen we know by their being now and then offered for sale. The district selected for the introduction of the capercaillie was the very best that could be adopted, as indeed has been made manifest by the success which has attended the experiment. The birds may now be said to be native to all parts of Scotland, they have, by this time, spread themselves over a very wide district, and capercaillie are occasionally announced as being shot in most unexpected places, both in the North and South. A great deal of trouble was taken a few years ago by Mr. Harvie Brown, the well-known ornithologist, to find out to what places in Scotland the capercaillie had extended its range; it was then found, as was natural enough in the circumstances, that the fine county of Perth, the finest county for varied sport in Scotland, was well stocked with these birds, and that the adjoining county of Forfar also contained a considerable number, and up to the present time rests have been seen in at least half-a-dozen other counties, particularly in Kinross, Fife, and Stirling shires, as also in the Islands of Arran. The bird is not likely to become common in districts where it will be unable to obtain proper shelter and the kind of food it takes delight in.

"And what, after all, has been gained," will be asked, "by the restoration of the cock of the woods?" There are those who say that the bird can never be greatly thought of for sport, and insist that, in a country where grouse are plentiful, it will hardly be looked at; "It is so big," they say, "that you cannot help shooting it if you try." As for its gastronomic value, it has not been very highly appraised, the bird feeds largely on the young buds of the fir tree, and, if sent to table without some ameliorating process having been gone through, has such a pronounced *goût* as renders it unacceptable to any but "strong" stomachs. Some cooks parboil the bird in milk and water before roasting it; others, after eviscerating it, wrap the body in a thick linen cloth and bury it in the garden for about twenty-four hours, and then roast it before an open grate. If no other gain has resulted from the restoration of the capercaillie, it has, at all events, taught us that it may be possible to introduce into the United Kingdom some other bird of more value for food and sport.

ELLANGOWAN



### II.

THE *Universal Review* opens the new year with a strong number. The first article, on the "Progress of Man," is comprehensive in its scope, discoursing of affairs with a certain intelligent optimism under the three headings, "Of the Kingdom of Heaven," "Of the English-Speaking World," and "Of Europe." Able, but anonymous, it has a ring of Mr. Stead about it.—The Review closes with "The Progress of Woman," a title which allows three sub-headings, "Life at Somerville Hall," by Miss Mary P. Lacey, "In Legal Status," on which Miss Florence F. Miller writes, and "In Industrial Employment," from the pen of Miss Emily Faithfull.—Mr. James Britten, with "The Forbidden Fruit and the Garden of Eden," tells us how General Gordon identified the Seychelles Islands with the Garden of Eden, and the "coco-de-mer," or double cocoa-nut, with the forbidden fruit by which our first parents fell. The paper is prefaced with a *facsimile* of a manuscript and series of drawings relating

to the subject by the late General Charles George Gordon.—There is a lot of comparative information as regards our war marine and that of France in "The English Navy," by W. Laird Clowes and B. W. Warhurst.—Mr. Swinburne writes characteristically to "Æolus." We select one stanza from his fine musical versification to those winds which, to this poet, make so much of winter:—

Sweet are even the mild low notes of wind and sea, but sweeter  
Sounds the song whose choral wrath of raging rhyme  
Bids the shelving shoals keep tune with storm's imperious metre,  
Bids the rocks and reefs respond in rapturous chime.

There are other contributions by Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. F. C. Burnand, and Mr. Harry Quilter.

*Temple Bar* for January opens with a new serial, "Arminal," from the pen of the author of "Mehalah." The beginning is humorous and, on the whole, of good promise for the novel reader. There is a capital paper on "Puns." One of the best in verse is Mr. Frederick Locker's:—

He cannot be complete in aught  
Who is not humorously prone;  
A man without a merry thought  
Can hardly have a funny bone.

One of the best in prose is that by a Cambridge Fellow who, walking with a visitor, met by chance the Master of St. John's on horseback. "Who is that?" inquired the visitor. "That," replied the other, "is St. John's head on a charger."—A pathetic story, "What Men Live By," is translated by Lady Lehmere from the Russian of Count Tolstoi.—"Charles Lamb's Letters" are well done, but then they have been much written about lately.

The most interesting thing in *Murray* is "Personal Recollection, of the Great Duke of Wellington," by the Dowager Lady De Ros. Lady De Ros is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who gave the famous Waterloo Ball. She was present at it, and we have the plan of the Duke's house and a list of those invited. Lady De Ros once rode Copenhagen, the Duke's Waterloo charger, at Cambrai. "To the Duke's great amusement," she says, "we heard one of the soldiers saying to another, 'Take care of that 'ere horse; he kicks out—we knew him well in Spain,' pointing to Copenhagen."—Mr. Julian Sturgiss begins a serial, "Comedy of a Country House."—The Earl of Carnarvon writes on "Party Government," and Mr. H. H. Statham, editor of the *Builder*, on "Mr. Shaw Lefevre as an Edile."

In *Longman* there will, for 1889, be an attraction in the shape of a serial story, by Mr. Walter Besant, "The Bell of St. Paul's," which, however, is a story of modern time.—Mrs. Pollard, on "A Queen Anne Pocket Book," gives extracts from a little MS. volume picked up forty years ago in the cellar of a large private bank in Lombard Street, and which must have lain there for at least a century. It recalls vividly the every-day affairs of a bygone age.

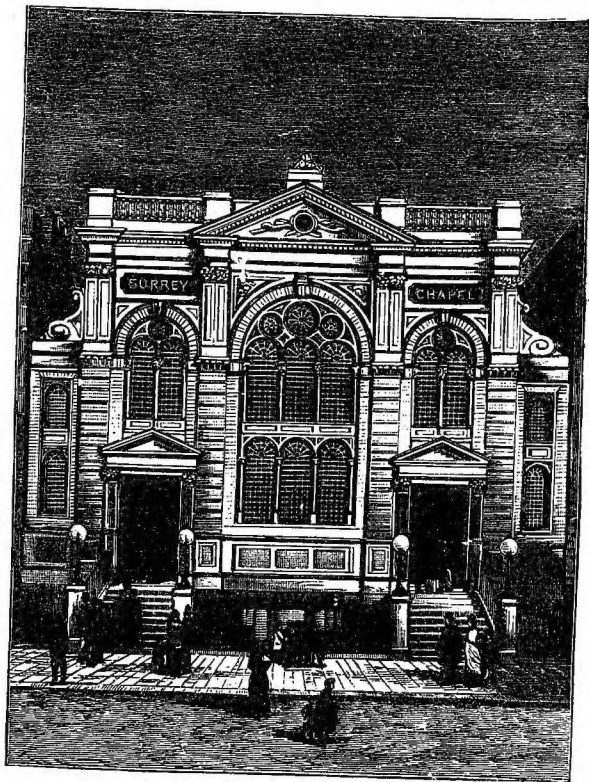
"The County" is the title of *Cornhill's* new serial; and, as far as the opening chapters foreshadow the story, it should please the *clientèle* of the magazine.—"In a Burmese Prison" is a good local sketch of one phase of life by the Irrawaddy.—A capital and amusing tale is "The First and Last Preacher of Urota," full of the wild humours of an American Western mining camp.

In the *English Illustrated* is an excellent paper on "London Models," by Mr. Oscar Wilde. The English models, in his view, "are a well-behaved and hard-working class; and, if they are more interested in artists than they are in art, a large section of the public is in the same condition." The periodical also contains two very good descriptive articles—one of "Berkeley Castle," in the series by Miss Balch; the other of "Gwalior," by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield.—"The Old Sergeant" is a character study from the pen of Mr. Archibald Forbes. The illustrations of the magazine are numerous, and appropriate to the text.

We have received from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a really cheap and charming magazine for juvenile readers, the *Child's Pictorial*. It only costs twopence. Its cover is pretty and tasteful. All its articles are by competent writers—Mrs. Molesworth, the Rev. J. C. Wood, Miss Katherine Macquoid, and so on. It is plentifully illustrated with drawings, both plain and coloured. Avoiding the pitfall of goody-goodness, it promises sound, light, healthy literary food for the minds of children.

### THE NEW SURREY CHAPEL

ON Sept. 20th, 1888, Mr. Spurgeon opened the new Surrey Chapel in Blackfriars-road, a handsome edifice which takes the place of the old chapel where for fifty years Rowland Hill preached, and where also he was buried. The new chapel stands about a hundred yards distant from the historical old building, and the one is a striking contrast to the other. The appearance of the building is handsome and ornate outside—light and chaste in design—and exceedingly com-



fortable within. The ceiling is a really fine piece of workmanship. There is a gallery on all four sides, and accommodation is provided for 700 people. There are two entrances, with pediment heads, and the centre of the front is surmounted by an enriched pediment with balustraded parapet on either side. The pastor (the Rev. B. Senior) has now about the finest chapel possessed by the Primitive Methodist body. There is a large schoolroom below. The architect of the building is Mr. James Weir, of Victoria Chambers, Westminster.



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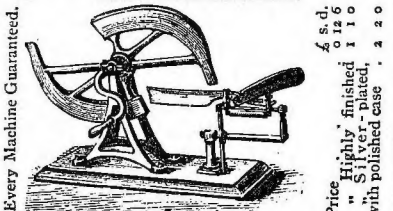
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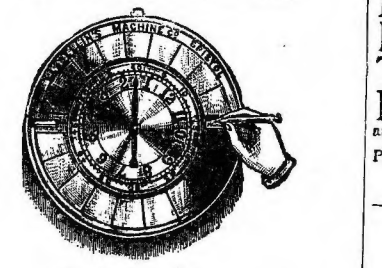
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